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Established in 1869.] "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 10, 1891.

That is a very pretty political game which will be decided when the execution committee of the National Association of Democratic clubs meets in New York city to-morrow and the stakes are big, being nothing less than the democratic Presidential nomination. Much of the preliminary shuffling for this game has been going on here and the shuffler has been a trusted friend of Senator Gorman who absented himself purposely because he did not wish to be known in the matter; but I have it from one who knows, that it is the purpose, of Gorman's friends, who believe they can control the committe, to use the machinery of the association of democratic clubs to elect Gorman delegates to the democratic national convention, but it is not yet certain that they will succeed, as the Cleveland men on the committee have got an inkling of what is being played for. It will be only through a leak that the result of the committee meeting will be known, and it has been given out that it is called merely to allow the Secretary to present the reports which he has received from local clubs.

The platform and nomination of the Ohio third party has created very little interest here, and those in position to know best say that the third party has thrown away the chance to cut any considerable figure in the campaign..

Washington may now be considered as in the field as the best place for holding the next republican national conventinn. The success in getting the G. A. R. encampment for 92 has whetted the appetite of the town, and a mass meeting of its prominent business men is to be held for the purpose of preparing to make an organized effort to convince the National Committee that this is the place.

The enthusiastic reception given the committee that presented Washington's claims for the next annual encampment of the G. A. R. when it returned from its victoriow errand, Saturday night, augurs well for the reception that will be given the veterans a year hence. Canons bombed, fireworks illumed the sky and cheer after cheer arose from the throats of the thousands who crowded the streets to welcome home the man who had obtained for Washington the proud privilege of entertaining the old soldiers to whose protection in the time of dire need it owes its very existence. During a residence of many years at the National capital yonr correspondent has never seen the interests and actual enthusiasm so general over anything as it is over the encampment of the G; A. R.

The people generally seem to be hurt by the reference to their disloyalty made by Washington's opponents at Detroit. They are not in any sense disloyal, although, of course, there are a few residents of Washington, who while living at the expense of the Government have no love for the old flag or a blue uniform, but they are not numerous enough to justify charging the city with disloyalty. The charge that the Corcoran Art Gallery contains the protraits of Lee and Jackson in full uniform and no portrait of a Union General is true, but the people of Washington are in no sense responsible for it; the Corcoran Art Gallery was erected by the late W. W. Corcoran who was notorious as a Southern sympathzier during the late war, and is maintained by funds donated by him and controlled by a board of managers selected by him during his life, each member of which was presumably in sympathy with his ideas. Although open to the public free three days in each week, the Corcoran Art Gallery is in no sense a public institution, and can in no way be controlled by the citizens of Washington so that it is manifestly unfair to hold Washington responsible for the pictures exhibited or not exhibited in this gallery.

More repairs are being put on the White House this summer than in any one season for a long time. These repairs have been needed for years, but each year it would be thought that the next session of Congress would provide for a new residence for the President and they would be put off. About $50,000 is to be spent upon the residence portion of the house and it is expected that everything will be completed by October 1.

Gen. Raum has written a letter in reply to one receiving by Acting Secretary of the Treasury Nettleton, and referred to him, complaining of delays in the Pension office. Gen. Raum says there is no ground for such complaint and cites the the fact that for the fiscal year just closed there were issued 156,482 original certificates, which exceeded by 89,856 the largest number even issued in a single fiscal year and he quotes Gen. Veazey ex-Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. as saying that in his travels among the old soldiers he has found them well pleased with the condust of the Pension Office.

Some of the Reforms Demanded.

The platform of the People's party of Ohio, promulgated at the Springfield Convention, is a fair exposition of the extreme views of the dissatisfied element. It starts out by declaring solemnly, by way of preface for what is to follow: "We hold that labor is the basis of all wealth and should be protected by law." Of course it should and of course it is. If it is not sufficiently protected, this is a country where majorities rule; the laboring class has the majority of the voters, and they can have the laws fixed to suit them whenever they indicate their desires.

Then comes a declaration that: "The instability of the municipal governments of enormous municipal debts, which are burdensome to all the people, and we therefore demand that the Constitution of the State be so amended that it will be impossible to change the forms of municipal government to meet the changing fortunes of politicians, and that no change of forms of municipal governments be permitted without the consent of the people." As in this State, a Constitutional Convention is supposed to be a panacea for all the ills the body politic may be afflicted with; but what is to prevent the next majority of dissatisfied voters from making a new revision to meet its particular views?

A long list of reforms demanded follows after this, the first one being the forfeiture of the charter of the Standard Oil Company—a proceeding the importance and far-reaching results of which the framers of the platform can have had but a slight comprehension. This, however, is less important than the demand for free silver, for the abolition of national banks and the issuance by the government of "treasury notes in sufficient volume to conduct the business of the country on a cash basis," for government farm mortgages at 2 per cent. interest, for an income tax, and—that the liquor business shall be carried on exclusively by the government, and all liquors sold at cost, through government agents.

When the People's party takes control of this country we shall see a very different state of things from that which obtains at present; but whether it will be any improvement is a point fairly open to debate. At the best that can be said for it, so complete and violent an overturning of established laws and customs must be attended with more or less disturbance and distress. Could not the party be persuaded to start its more moderate reforms first?

No Color Line in the G. A. R.

There will be no division in the Grand Army of the Republic. No color line will be drawn. With few dissenting votes the majority report declaring that it would be inexpedient to organize other departments in States where departments already exist was adopted. The new or provisional departments which the advocates of a kind of "Jim Crow" division of the Grand Army urged the Commander-in-chief should be authorized to organize were intended principally for the Southern States; but if there is need for a colored department of the Grand Army in Louisiana there is no reason why there should not be a similar department in Pennsylvania and every State where colored soldiers are to be found in considerable numbers. Such a department seems unnecessary. In most cases the colored soldier prefers to join the colored post just as in the war he preferred to belong to a colored regiment rather than a white regiment, and there is no practical reason for any further separation of the races in the Grand Army than that which is brought about by individual choice exercised in the organization as it exists at present.

There were other reasons why there should be no color line in the Grand Army, even if there must be separate cars, separate hotels and restaurants for the colored people in some sections of the country. The war was in part a struggle to maintain and extend slavery, and, per contra, it became in effect, if not in intention, a war to exterminate slavery. It would have been an unbecoming act for the white soldiers, who fought shoulder to shoulder with the colored troops, to have established a color line in the organization whose object is to preserve the associations of that service and the memory of the blessings gained by it. The colored troops fought bravely. Some of the most famous of Union officers gladly took command of colored regiments in the regular army after the close of the war. The close association of the races which seemed proper at that period, the opponents of a colored line in the Grand Army naturally thought might properly be continued now. They have done wisely to vote down the suggestion of such a line. The question having been settled with so much unanimity, it is not likely to come up again.

Business Methods Best.

When a citizen or a corporation engaged in an extensive business, requiring a large clerical force, looks about for assistants, those who seem best qualified are engaged, and, as a rule, the length of their service will be determined by the manner in which they discharge their duties. If one is competent, faithful, industrious and courteous, he may remain in the service of the same employer for a life-time. Nobody wants to know what his political opinions are; he is not compelled to make involuntary contributions for partisan purposes, and he is in no danger of losing his place simply because somebody else wants it.

No private employer with a grain of common sense bothers himself about the political or religious opinions of his employes. Nor does he appoint them upon a limited or uncertain tenure, making their retention of employment a matter of absolute uncertainty, making it necessary for them to bring "influence" constantly to bear to keep them in, while it is well understood that the moment some others acquire more "influence" they will have to step out. Nor is it ever urged seriously against the employes of a citizen or a corporation that they have held the place long enough and ought to give somebody else a chance. On the contrary, the longer their term of service the better their chance of retaining their position.

The principles herein outlined have contributed to the prosperity of the business people who have carried them into practice. Efficient and long continued service, with entire freedom upon the part of the employe to think as he pleases and do as he pleases outside of working hours, has brought prosperity to the employers and content and security to the employes. No unjust exactions are forced upon them. No effort is made to curb their freedom. No anxious fears for the future distress them. Nobody annoys them by persistent efforts to get their places, for it is well known that such efforts would be fruitless.

An increasing number of the American people are coming to the firm conviction that a system which has worked so well in private business life should be introduced into every department of the state and general government. These are known as advocates of civil service reform and their cause has made decided progress in the last few years. Several of the states have adopted more or less comprehensive civil service reform laws and in several of the departments of the national government all the appointments are made on merit. Each year witnesses a slight advance, and a movement which was laughed at a score of years ago now commands the respect of its bitterest enemies.

Civil service reform is retarded, however, in its progress by political ambition as well as by the hostility of the practical politicians. Whenever a president of the United States begins to look about for a renomination it is natural that he should be anxious to secure the good will of the political leaders. Their friendship may be essential to success in the nominating convention. Thus Mr. Cleveland, who began his administration with an apparently honest effort to make civil service reform dominant, surrendered to the politicians when he began his canvass for re-election. And it was only a few days ago that President Harrison appointed a new collector at the port of New York with the scarcely disguised purpose of aiding his canvass for renomination. These deviations upon the part of our highest officials are to be lamented, but it is probable that they will continue until the law is so changed as to render a president ineligible to re-election. As it is, human nature is unequal to the strain of resisting the temptation and a great reform is delayed.

As to the gentlemen with whom politics is a profession they are disgusted with the new-fangled ideas which would conduct the affairs of the nation in a business fashion and according to common sense methods. They believe in the theory of old Governor Marcy that "to the victors belong the spoils," and they regard the public offices as spoils. They are much shocked at the danger of creating an "aristocracy of office holders," although nearly every one of them has had his hand in the public treasury for years. They believe that every time a new president goes into power there should be a change in every office from secretary of state to the most insignificant postmaster, always excepting themselves, if they are in they are more than willing to stay. They believe an officeholder, what ever may be his work, should be the obedient servant of the political leaders and not of the people whose work he is supposed to be doing. They would have parties organized and political battles fought over the government clerkships rather than over important principles.

It is a satisfaction to believe that these vicious and dangerous views are losing ground and that the principle of civil service reform is steadily gaining ground. Indeed, it is a wonder that the American people submitted so patiently for many years to having their work so poorly done it must necessarily be the case when political dependents have it in charge. The steps that have been taken are a guarantee that reform will win complete victory.—Altoona *Tribune*.

Nerve Prevents a Panic

"I was in Rochester the other evening," said a traveling man, "and attended one of the theatres. Between the acts some fool in the gallery yelled 'fight' another fool in dress circle at once yelled 'fire.'

"There was an instant panic, and had it not been for a dozen cool-headed men and the fact that the orchestra kept right along playing there would have been a terrible scene. As it was several ladies fainted, and men and women rushed over the back of seats to the door as though they were daft.

"But there was one incident that I shall never forget as long as I live. A tall gentleman, about 50 years of age, stepping upon his seat and drew a revolver from his pocket. In a voice that could be heard for same distance around him he said:

"There is no fire, and I shall be tempted to shoot the first man that tries to rush out of here and possibly trample upon women and children. I mean just what I say, and when the excitement cools down if any body will point out the miscreant that raised the cry of fire I'll give the gentleman $50 for his trouble, and agree to whip the scoundrel who raised the false alarm within five minutes or forfeit another fifty."

"Then he stood there as quietly as if nothing had disturbed him, and the people who heard him knew by his looks that he meant bnsiness, and would do just what he said.

"Good for you!' called a half dozen voices, and the people in that section sat very quietly during the several minutes of terrible excitement that prevailed all over the crowded house. When order had been restored the gentleman resumed his seat and enjoyed the play."—*Utica Observer*.

Another Gun Was Loaded.

A terrible accident occurred this morning at the Central Hotel, this city, the result of careless handling of firearms. William Charles, bartender at the Central Hotel, was the victim of the accident, the particulars of which are as follows: George Bush, the colored porter of the house, and Charles, the bartender, were in the office and were engaged in friendly sport when Bush ran to a corner of a room where a gun was standing, and picking up the weapon, in some way or other, it was discharged and Charles received the charge in the right arm, between the shoulder and elbow. The gun was owned by ex-Judge Allison, and Bush says he did not know it was loaded. The charge consisted of 3½ drachms of powder and 1½ ounces of No. 6 buck shot. The shot made a terrible wound, tearing the flesh and muscles in a shocking manner. Doctor Ball was quickly summoned and he at once pronounced amputation necessary, and Doctors Armstrong and Watson were called to assist in performing the operation. The blood flowed freely from the wound, but the injured man was cool and calmly complied with every request of the surgeons while they were making preparations for the amputation, which was successfully performed.

Bush says he had no idea the gun was loaded. He says both he and Charles had frequently picked up the gun in sport and both of them believed it to be empty. Charles is a young man who came here recently from Philipsburg to take charge of the Central Hotel bar. His wife and child were at Philipsburg visiting friends when the accident occurred. The arm was amputated near the shoulder.—L. H. *Express*.

PARNELL and his spouse are coming to this country with the avowed purpose of strengthening the Parnellite cause. It is a matter of serious doubt as to whether the presence of Mrs. PARNELL will shed additional lustre upon the party and purpose. PARNELL, as a politician of great attainments, might be tolerated, but in the interests of decency and success let him not obtrude to public view his domestic skeleton.

The residents of Bay Head, New Jersey who flogged JOHN CLAYTON because of his pronounced attentions to another's wife, evidently regarded that what was "everybody's business" is somebody's and reversed the ancient proverb.

ACTING SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY NETTLETON'S prompt action in ordering the dedortation to China of nine Chinamen from Canada, is merely an incident on the immigration question.

—A party of young ladies, girls and boys, of Bellefonte, picniced at Coleville on Tuesday and were chased home by the storm.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST SUNSTROKE.

CIRCULAR ISSUED BY THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH TELLING WHAT TO DO.

The State Board of Health has issued the following circular concerning the precautions to be taken against sunstroke and the treatment of any one afflicted with the illness:

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat of the blood (from 100 degrees to 110 degrees Fahr.,) which produces great depression on the nervous system. It occurs during the hot season of the year and usually to those exposed to the hot sun, but it sometimes occurs at night and also to those exposed to great heat in glassworks, laundries, furnaces, bakeries, iron foundries and the engine rooms of steamships. It is largely confined to the hot, close streets and passages of the city, but is not unknown to the country. Those habituated to the use of alcohol and the debilitated are especially predisposed to attacks.

Dark, close-fitting clothing and such as compresses the chest and neck should be avoided during the heated term. For those obliged to labor in the sun light clothing and a straw or a light felt hat, permitting free circulation of air, are preferable.

On very hot days one should drink frequently, but in small quantities. A large amount of ice water, cold beer, soda water, mineral water or other iced drink entering the stomach at one time is injurious.

Cool water, in which oat meal has been stirred, is a safe and refreshing drink. Water should not be drunk in considerable quantities at a lower temperature than spring water, namely, 56 degrees Fahrenheit. Immediate death is often caused by "ice cold" drinks. The immoderate use of alcoholic beverages is also dangerous.

The sleeping room should be freely ventilated and cool. Constipation of the bowels should be avoided. When overheated, work slowly, frequently cooling the head, chest and back with cold water. Keep a wet cloth or some green leaves in the hat on the head, frequently wetting them with cold water. When, on a very hot day, the skin becomes dry and uncomfortably hot, a burning sensation is felt in the head and the face is flushed and the eyes bloodshot, with frequent tendency to vomit, the person should immediately quit work, retire to a cool place and rest in quietness; and if not speedily relieved from sensation of heat take a cold bath.

The attack may be very sudden and take the form of delirium in which the patient rushes wildly about and may attack those around him, or he may become weak and sink to the ground as if in a fainting spell or stupor Loss of consciousness and mental disturbance may be only partial. Nausea or sickness at the stomach often precedes the onset. Convulsions may occur.

Sunstroke must be carefully distinguished from heat exhaustion, in which the general symptoms are similar to those of sunstroke, but the bodily temperature is below the normal. The difference can be at once recognized by feeling the skin underneath the clothing; in sunstroke the skin feels burning hot; in heat exhaustion it is cold.

1. Carry the patient into a cool and shaded place where there is plenty of pure, fresh air.

2. Strip his clothing to the waist and place him in a recumbent position.

3. Pour cold water—ice water is best—upon his head and chest until consciousness returns. The points at which the blood may be most effectually cooled are the wrists, the temples and the ears, because at those points it approaches the surface more nearly in considerable quantities. Ice may be applied to the head and chest and rubbed over the body, but if the skin is cold no ice should be applied. Internally small doses of brandy may be administered with success; but in all cases of sunstroke the patient should as soon as possible be placed in charge of a competent physician.

The patient should do no mental work for some months and should keep free from all excitement, Persons who have once suffered from sunstroke are liable to a second attack. Insanity in some of its varied forms frequently follows sunstroke.

In heat exhaustion give alcoholic stimulants and place the patient in a hot bath, so as to raise the bodily temperature.

Accidentally Shot and Killed.

Miss Mary Wilson, a young lady 20 years of age, was accidentally shot and instantly killed at her home at Jocob Wilson's one mile east of McVeytown on Sunday morning about 11 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mike O'Donnell and a boy named Connor were sitting about the yard in front of the house, laughing and talking together. Wilson had been examining his revolver and had laid it down on a bench and walked toward the gate. It was loaded with three 32 caliber cartridges. Miss Wilson and O'Donnell were sitting at the doorway, when Mrs. Wilson, unnoticed by them picked up the weapon and began snapping it about ten feet in front of where they sat. At last a loaded chamber was thrown into position and the bullet crashed into the girl's brain, killing her instantly. A jury rendered a verdict of accidental shooting.

Convention Reflections.

The democratic pow-wow on Tuesday afternoon was notable for one thing, namely, the unanimity with which every democrat in Centre county was willing to serve the dear people of their party as delegates to the State convention in 1892. And not a few of them were even anxious to go. Just why this was thusly we fail to conceive. Seems to us it is rather an unpleasant duty to push a friend over a precipice and that is just what Pennsylvania democrats will do if they urge the nomination of Pattison for President. For, if he is not beaten in the convention he will be left so badly at the polls that he will not even have the faintest idea of what struck him.

And another thing was particularly noticeable, and that was the utter lack of enthusiasm, notwithstanding the fact that there was a fair turnout of delegates, it was not possible at any one time to get up a good sized round of applause.

Then those resolutions. My but didn't they hang it on to poor Bardsley, of Philadelphia? How bad he would feel did he know how they resolved him into the pen of political corruption, and how gloriously did they resolve to clean up the corruption when they get in—that is, when they do.

But the last resolution of all capped the climax. Of course it seems a little out of balance that a county having only five hundred democratic voters shou'd have the same representation in a congressional conference that a county having five thousand voters should have. But then what will the little county have to say in the changing of it? The resolution is a good one—for Centre county and would help very nicely toward capturing the next congressman for Centre county, but perhaps Cameron and Elk don't just think that way. Under the proposed system they would only have one and two delegates while Centre would have ten and Clearfield twelve. With twenty-two delegates on this end it would be an easy matter to control every nomination and the other end might as well not be in it. But methinks it will be some time before that resolution is adopted throughout the entire district.

W. C. T. U. Notes.

In these days of encampments of all kinds, the Womans' Christian Temperance Union, of Chester county has just closed a most successful camp of ten days on the historic grounds of Paoli.

The tents were pitched a short distance from the monument, beneath which lie the sleeping patriots of the memorable night of September 20th, 1777.

The sessions were opened and closed with devotional exercises. The tents occupied mostly by families of the W. C. T. U., from all portions of the county. While others who were interested in the rich literary feast also occupied tents and enjoyed the addresses which were delivered every day.

David H. Burrell, of Washington, Mrs. Ella A. Boole, of New York gave fine addresses; also Mrs. Mary Clament Lasitt, the worlds' W. C. T. U. missionary, who has been absent eight years and traveled over 90000 miles, belting the globe with the white ribbon. Among the speakers were Prof. L. L. Handey, of Newark, Del., Anthony Comstock, of New York; Dr. Edward McGlynn, John J. Comell, New York; Dr. J. C. Rhoads, Bryn Mawr; Colonel Rev. W. P. D. Bliss, Boston; Mrs. Sarah J. C. Downs, Hon. Marriott Brosius, of Lancaster, Co., Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery; Dr. H. S. French, Rev. F. A. Hinkley, Rev L. A. Purcell and others. The musical Program was excellent, being under the supervision of Prof. Young March, of Norristown and Mrs. Wm. Moses, Supt. of music of Chester Co. On Thursday, July 30th, the quarterly convention was held and Friday was Chautauqua day conducted Prof Malton, County Supt. of Public Schools, of Chester Co., Prof. Geo T. James of Phila., also talked on the subject of University Extension. Notwithstanding there was some hot weather a large number of people were on the grounds daily.

One of the closing day exercises was a short history of the Proli massacre Reference was also made to the War against Alcohol and the uplifing of fallen humanity which is the work of the Womans' Christian Temperance Union.

Much temperance sentiment was created throughout the neighborhood as was shown bo the liberal apper to said the lands in any shutage which might occur financially.

—Plumbs are plenty and low in price.

Calypso or Penelope?

By EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

AUTHOR OF "WANTED, A SENSATION," "THE LAST OF THE VAN SLACKS," "A MAGNETIC MAN," ETC., ETC.

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myself to drift in a fatal current, knowing full well that naught but misery would be the outcome."

After a time he grew calmer and a new and more cheerful aspect of the case presented itself. If Alice Inman went to Europe it must mean that she had rejected Harlan Otis. In that case—

"In that case—nothing," he exclaimed aloud. "Why do I deceive myself? There is no hope! There is no hope!"

As he entered his parlor he saw his chum seated at the desk, writing.

"Toying with the muse, Hal?" he asked as calmly as he could.

"Yes, but the fire of genius burns very low to-night. I have produced nothing but trash." Thereupon he tore up the sheets of paper before him.

"I have a piece of news for you," remarked Arnold, unconsciously repeating Alice's phrase.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Alice Inman is going to Europe."

Harlan Otis paused in the operation of packing his pipe, looked at his chum in a startled way, laid down his meerschaum mechanically, muttered a hoarse "Good-night" and entered his bed-room, shutting the door behind him.

"Does he love her or does he not?" asked Arnold to himself. "The fact is I don't believe he knows."

CHAPTER VI.

It was early summer. June, not yet a week old, had donned her loveliest garb and the smiling earth rejoiced as the warm kisses of the burning sun fell upon her flower-bedecked bosom. Hills and valleys were carpeted with rich green velvet, while lilacs, apple-blossoms, daisies, buttercups and laurel gave to the landscape gay, brilliant tints and scented the summer breeze with the perfume of paradise. "A pleasing land of drowsy-hed it was, of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye, and of gay castles in the clouds that pass, forever flushing round a summer sky."

Down a narrow road winding through a grove of chestnut, maple and hickory trees came a stylish dog-cart. A startled squirrel heard the clink and jingle of the harness and springing upon a fence-rail gave one timid glance at the on-coming turnout and then scampered into the woods to find a spot safe from the invasion of man. A robin, more daring than the squirrel, perched upon the lowest branch of a neighboring tree and lustily warbled a song of welcome to the young man and woman who passed that way.

"It is hard to believe on such a day as this," Harlan Otis was saying, as he leaned back, puffing a cigarette and allowing Rhoda to handle the reins, "that sin and sorrow can really exist. Why is the world so beautiful? Just look there, Rhoda," he cried, as they left the grove behind them and came suddenly upon the brow of a lofty hill.

The scene before them was entrancing. A silvery shimmer in the valley told where the river found its way toward the sea. Farm houses nestled here and there, while far to the north-ward the spires and steeples of the city glistened in the sunlight.

"Let's get out here and spend an hour, Rhoda, communing with our own souls—and a box of sardines."

The young man sprang out of the cart on the instant and gave his hand to his companion. As we have had only a glimpse of Rhoda Barr in the darkness that precedes dawn, let me describe her as she looked in the searching light of the midday sun. She was somewhat above the medium height, slender, lissome, graceful. Her hair was dark and luxuriant, her eyes large and very changeable in tint. Her features were delicately cut and, as you watched her closely, you felt that perhaps one of her parents had died of consumption. She was dressed quietly in a black and white checked cheviot. At her waist, as usual, reposed a bunch of fragrant violets.

Throwing off her black straw sailor hat, she allowed the gentle breeze to toy with her disordered hair, laughing gleefully as she helped Harlan to spread luncheon on a rock that seemed designed by nature to serve them for a banquet-board. It was a large, flat stone that had been worn smooth during the glacial epoch. It lay in the shadow of an enormous oak tree and not far off a little spring bubbled merrily up as though anxious to do its share toward the entertainment of the unexpected guests.

"Isn't this jolly?" exclaimed Harlan, enthusiastically as he uncorked a bottle of champagne and filled Rhoda's glass.

"Indeed it is. Adam and Eve before the fall might have envied us."

"Yes. They had no sardines, no sandwiches, no champagne, no cigarettes—nothing but fruit, leisure and a great longing to know a thing or two."

Rhoda was leaning against the tree, her soft, liquid eyes lazily wandering over the landscape.

"Do you really love me, Harry?" she asked suddenly, turning upon him a penetrating glance that brought the quick blood to his cheeks.

"Always in doubt," he cried. "What more can I do, Rhoda, to prove my love for you."

"Give me a cigarette," she answered smiling mischievously.

"Then my love-gauge will go up in smoke. You are not superstitious?"

"Heigh-ho! Why should I be? What must be—must be. In that philosophy there is no place for superstition. But seriously, Harry," she continued, putting her arm around his neck and drawing his head down into her lap, "you have been very restless for a few days past. Tell me, darling, what troubles you." She bent down and kissed his red, voluptuous lips.

"Nothing troubles me," he answered emphatically. "Who could be worried in such a place, at such a time as this? Do you remember Riley's poem on June? It seems to voice the very spirit of this hour:

'O queenly month of indolent repose;
I drink they breath in sips of rare perfume,
As in thy downy lap of clover-bloom
I nestle like a drowsy child, and doze
The lazy hours away. The zephyr throws
The shifting shuttle of the Summer's loom,
And weaves a damask-work of gleam and gloom,
Before thy listless feet. The lily blows
A bugle-call of fragrance o'er the glade;
And, wheeling into ranks, with plume and spear,
Thy harvest-armies gather on parade;
While, faint and far away, yet pure and clear,
A voice calls out of alien lands of shade,—
'All hail the Peerless Goddess of the Year!'"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Rhoda.

"Yes—but dusty," added Harlan refilling his champagne glass and draining it to the bottom.

"What a changeable fellow you are, Harry! One moment you are soaring in the clouds, listening to the music of the spheres. The next instant you come down to earth and call for a copy of Puck or Judge."

"So much the more fun. The man who can derive enjoyment from Shelley and Bill Nye is not likely to be bored in this world."

"Perhaps not. But as he goes through life he may cause a vast amount of sorrow to those who love him."

"Why? I don't quite understand you!"

"Yes you do, Harry. You know well what I mean. Your heart is as fickle as your mind. Two months ago you were mentally in love with chemistry. Last week there was nothing worthy your attention save the old English dramatists. Next week I expect to find you infatuated with astronomy. By the end of your Senior year you will be mentally blasé, worn out with the short-lived enthusiasms of your four year's sojourn here."

"Good heavens, what a lecture!" cried Harlan, lighting a cigarette and playfully blowing the smoke upward into the handsome face above him. "And you say my heart is as unstable as my mind?"

"I fear it is," she answered sadly. "You will always receive more love than you can give."

The young man gazed thoughtfully across the riant meadows and the undulating hills, while an amused smile played around his mouth. Presently he seized her thin, white, shapely hand and kissed it passionately.

"I love you, Rhoda. Are you not content?"

An expression of weariness, almost of pain crossed her face as she stroked the white smooth forehead that gleamed like marble in her lap.

"Content? Yes—for the moment. But a year from now! What then?"

Harlan laughed mockingly.

"Or a hundred years, for that matter. We may be dead a year from now. Or—you may love some other man. Who knows? Come, Rhoda, why will you borrow trouble? Nothing exists but to-day. *'Quam minimum credula postero'*—to the devil with to-morrow, as Horace says. Don't be blue, darling." He had risen and was seated by her side. Throwing his arms around her he drew her lips to his. "I love you, I love you, I love you," he murmured passionately. Their eyes met, the hot blood burned their cheeks, her arms encircled him and, while the brooklet scolded and the oak tree whispered to the passing breeze, they gave themselves up to the intoxication that youth begets from love.

The sun had begun to sink toward the West and the trees cast long shadows athwart the sward as Harlan and his companion re-entered the dog-cart and made their way northward toward the city. They were very quiet as they drove onward, and the young man answered absently the few remarks addressed to him. Rhoda noticed this and the same expression of pain and apprehension that had thrown its shadow across her face earlier in the day appeared again and rested there for a time.

An hour later they were seated at the dining-table in Rhoda's quaint, old-fashioned house. Her mother, a confirmed invalid who seldom left her room, had sent down word that she was not feeling as well as usual and could not dine with them—for which relief Harlan Otis gave silent thanks to fate.

As he glanced across the well-appointed table at the graceful, fair-faced woman who had given him her heart, the young collegian wondered how it all would end. Mentally and physically he was infatuated with Rhoda Barr, but there had often come to him of late a feeling of repulsion in her presence, a longing to be free of the ties that bound him to her that was well-nigh irresistible. At such times the face of Alice Inman came before him and the blush of shame would suffuse his cheek as he realized how unworthy he was of a pure girl's love.

Rhoda Barr understood thoroughly the young man's nature. At first his attentions had amused her without awakening within her any strong emotion. Being, for some mysterious reason known only to a few, shunned by "society," she had taken a somewhat malicious pleasure in monopolizing the leisure time of a youth who was considered "a great card" by the match-making matrons of the town. As time went on, however, Rhoda had fallen passionately in love with the handsome, fickle, brilliant collegian. For nearly a year now she had devoted her whole life to his service and had tried to wean him wholly from the functions of the gay world. She had been only partially successful and already she began to realize that the restless, unstable nature of the poet would not long endure the restraints imposed by her.

Nevertheless she was a woman of endless resources, well-read, an accomplished linguist and a highly cultivated musician. In fact she held a strong hand in the game about to be played and that her cards would be skillfully manipulated no one who knew her could for a moment doubt.

She was very quiet that night at dinner and let Harlan indulge his thoughts as he pleased. Then, after they had finished their *liqueurs*, she led the way to the drawing-room and raising the lid of the piano motioned Harlan toward an easy chair near the open window. Striking a match she held it against the end of his cigar. As the smoke arose and slowly disappeared on the evening breeze that murmured through the trees, a sense of calm stole over the collegian's soul, while through the night echoed the soft and soothing strains of a Chopin nocturne.

After a time the motif changed. No longer was the night calm and restful. There was passion, seduction in the breeze that kissed his cheeks. The fever of love unsatisfied vibrated through the strange, weird harmony. Life was love, and love was life. There was nothing in the universe save the union of two souls. "Come to me, come to me," a voice cried in the darkness, the music ceased and on the night went up the murmur of a long, an ardent kiss.

It was midnight and Harlan Otis trudged wearily toward college. He was dissatisfied with all the world, his head ached, his brain was in a whirl. Before him arose the shadow of tasks undone, of duties unfilled, the memory of a day wasted in idleness—and worse.

"Heighho!" he muttered, casting a glance behind him at the house he had just left. "Possession may be nine-tenths of the Law; it is certainly ten-tenths of Satiety."

CHAPTER VII.

Oriental tradition asserts that Zohara, the queen of love, was also the mother of mischief. Beautiful, enticing, she wrought ruin whithersoever she went. To very this day her victims are suspended by their feet, head downwards, between heaven and earth and the mountain-tops re-echo with their cries of pain.

Whether there be truth or not in this ancient legend, certain it is that beauty is a dangerous weapon when wielded by a woman who feels that all the world is against her. Rhoda Hamerton, widow of the late Augustus Barr, attorney and counsellor at law, had long had a grudge against society. The cause of this bitterness had had its birth in the very first months of her sojourn in the conservative old New England city in which her mother and herself had taken up their abode some ten years before the opening of this narrative.

Whence they came, why they came no one knew. Mrs. Hamerton was a stately, handsome old lady who made no acquaintances, and who seemed to be fairly well provided with the treasures of this wicked world. Her daughter was at that time a delicate, slender girl, whose face gave promise of acquiring that striking beauty we know that it finally attained.

Purchasing an historic house near the centre of the town, Mrs. Hamerton settled down to a quiet life and placed her daughter at school. Then it was that Rhoda Hamerton, by nature affectionate, confiding, cheerful, first tasted the poison that changed her whole being and warped her virgin soul.

There is an ancient Saxon verb which has gone through many changes during the lapse of ages, having been written variously *sneap, snib, sneb* and *snub*. The meaning of the word has fluctuated almost as much as its spelling, but both its orthography and significance are now established on a permanent basis. This generation has decreed that "snubbing" is the method by which the different strata of society are held in their appropriate places. To snub the right people, at the right time, in the right place and in the right way is all that is necessary in these days to maintain that social position in which either birth or chance has placed you.

Now, from the first day of her appearance at her new school Rhoda Hamerton was "snubbed." Even the teachers neglected her, anxious, as they were, to retain the good will of the young women in their charge who belonged to the "old families" of the town. That she was handsome, docile, clever, counted for nothing. In fact, her superiority as a scholar only increased the unfriendliness that surrounded her, for jealousy was soon added to the feelings of resentment that influenced her class-mates. Who was this stranger who never blundered, who could speak French with a perfect accent, who played classic music with the hand of a master, who moved with the grace and dignity of a queen and whose patrician features grew ever more charming as the months went by? Hamerton? Not a bad name, indeed, but one unknown to the township. And then again, it might be assumed. At all events it was not safe to be too intimate with people who gave no account of themselves and who did not even tell whence they came.

Those were very unhappy years to Rhoda, and they changed her from a bright, hopeful, sweet-tempered girl into an ambitious, jealous, embittered young woman, distrustful of others, self-reliant, restless. She had measured herself with her contemporaries and had proved her superiority. Still she had no place in the social life around her, no recognition from the haughty descendants of those righteous immigrants who rejoiced that hell was hot and gloried in the death-agonies of a charred and smoking witch.

Alice Inman had been one of Rhoda's school-mates. Though a few years younger than the stranger, she had been the only girl in the school who had made the slightest advance toward the newcomer. About a week after Rhoda's admittance Alice had approached her desk at recess, and, taking the new pupil's hand, had said:

"I fear you are not happy here. You look sad."

The tears came into Rhoda's eyes, her pale cheeks flushed; then, as if ashamed of her emotion, she withdrew her hand and answered coldly:

"Thank you; I am very well content."

An awkward silence ensued. Before it was broken, the recess came to an end and Alice Inman returned to her seat. And never again, though the warp and woof of their lives were strangely interwoven, did these two women exchange words. Better, perhaps, had it been for both if the friendship then offered and rejected had been allowed to flourish.

After her graduation Rhoda had led a life of seclusion, devoting her time to her books, her music and her mother. Mrs. Hamerton, whose lungs were not strong, had been unable to withstand the treacheries of a New England climate and had gradually become a confirmed invalid.

It was at this time that Augustus Barr, a rising young lawyer, in good standing both professionally and socially, had fallen in love with Rhoda. He had seen her at church one morning, and from that hour his sole ambition had been to make her acquaintance and win her regard. Being wealthy, handsome and persevering, he had been successful in all this and had finally made her his wife. Thus had Rhoda's unpopularity in the community been increased, for Augustus Barr, scion of an old colonnial family, had been one of the few really eligible young men in a town not over-stocked with marriageable bachelors.

We need not dwell long upon Rhoda's married life. Her husband, madly infatuated with her, had determined to place her in that social position to which her beauty, her accomplishments and her new name entitled her. Hardly, however, had he taken the first successful steps toward this end than he sickened and died.

With that regard for the welfare of the community that had actuated their ancestors in the persecution of the Quakers, the gossips of the town whispered that Rhoda Barr had exercised an evil influence over her unhappy spouse, that she had coveted his money and that in some mysterious way she had been responsible for his death. Thus it was that as a widow she was shunned even more thoroughly than she had been as a school-girl.

Imagine the influence of all this on a highly sensitive temperament! Is it strange that Rhoda Barr lost faith in all things; that she longed for some excitement that would allay for a time the bitter pain that wrung her heart?

It was nearly a year after her husband's death that she first appeared in public. One evening in early spring when her mother was feeling unusually well Rhoda had persuaded her to attend a concert at the opera house. Attired in deep mourning, relieved only by a bunch of violets, Mrs. Barr attracted instant attention as she and her mother entered the crowded auditorium. "The best people of the city were present," as the newspapers announced the next morning, and the buzz of malicious tongues followed the arrival of the lamented lawyer's wife.

Harlan Otis and three fellow collegians occupied a box near the stage. Our hero, who was then in his sophomore year, had often heard of Rhoda Barr, but had never seen her. As he gazed at her that night it seemed to him that he had not lived before. The awful power of beauty was revealed to him and his poetic temperament thrilled with a new sense, a mingled feeling of hope and ecstasy.

"Do you see that woman in black there, old man?" he whispered to Arnold, late in the evening.

"Yes. It is Mrs. Barr."

"Well, Jack, I love her; and, before a year has passed I shall make her love me."

Arnold smiled at the boyish confidence his chum expressed. He did not seem to realize that with the nature of the poet is often combined the mysterious power of the clairvoyant.

CHAPTER VIII.

Commencement day had come and gone. Once again the college had sent forth into the world its annual quota of half-educated youths to repair, as best they could, the mental ravages incurred during the last four years. "Go forth," the Spirit of the Times had said, "ye Bachelors of Arts, and learn the lessons of the busy throng. Go forth from the shady groves of Academe and read in the heart of man that which your books have never taught. Go forth and measure your strength in the battle of life, and fight the fight as best you may. The world and all its treasures lie before you. Did you stand high among the scholars of your class? Beware of him upon whose dullness you have cast the glance of scorn. New conditions surround you all, new foes there are to fight, new roads to tread. And perhaps as the years glide by the last shall be first and the first last—for the standards of the world are just."

One year more, Jack!" exclaimed Harlan Otis, as he reclined on a window-seat and watched the smoke from his pipe as it embraced the wanton breeze and sped away.

"Aye, one year more—the crisis of your life, old man."

Otis cast a sharp, impatient glance at his chum who, attired in a jersey and blazer, lay outstretched on a divan. The noble proportions of the athlete were outlined against the dark red back-ground of the couch. He was a magnificent specimen of young American manhood, symmetrical, muscular, well-balanced. Perhaps there was a suggestion of jealousy in the eyes of the poet as they rested on the man of might.

"Be careful, Jack. You are approaching a forbidden topic."

"Well, then," returned Arnold good-naturedly, "let us change the subject. What are you going to do, Hal, for the next three months?"

"Heighho, I don't know! My father wants me to read law. That's absurd, of course. Imagine a summer spent in New York, cooped up among musty tomes and subject to parental guidance. I couldn't stand it, old man. I shall tell him so when I see him, but he's sometimes very stubborn, the Governor, so I don't know how it will all end."

"Do you want my advice?" asked Arnold, casting an affectionate glance at his erratic chum.

"No."

The monosyllable was so uncompromising that the athlete had nothing more to say.

"Come, come," exclaimed Otis presently, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and jumping down from the window-seat, "it's high time I did some packing. I must get away to-morrow morning, and I have a thousand things to do."

Arnold smiled as he watched the efforts of his chum to bring order out of the chaos that reigned in the room. His own trunks were already packed, his superfluous belongings were safely locked, his books were arranged in their appropriate places, his bills were all paid and nothing remained for him to do save to await the the hour of departure. Otis, on the other hand, was surrounded by an ocean of petty difficulties. What he wanted he could not find, what he needed not was close at hand. A pile of unreceipted bills lay upon his desk. His books were scattered around the apartment in undignified disorder. His method of packing a trunk—if method it could be called—was unique. Whatever came first to hand went first into the tray. Clothes, tennis-racquets, books, shoes, tobacco-pipes, brushes, pajamas, smoking jackets and other paraphernalia were jumbled together in most picturesque confusion.

"I wish I were an artist," remarked Arnold, as he watched the frantic endeavors of the poet to close and lock an overstocked trunk. "I should paint a picture entitled 'Genius Preparing for a Journey.' I think it would make a hit."

"Oh, keep quiet, will you?" exclaimed Otis testily. "Come here and lock this trunk. I'll sit on the lid. There, that's right. Thanks. Now, what the deuce am I going to do about these bills?"

Our hero gazed ruefully at the desk. At that moment there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Arnold.

"Confound it, what did you do that for?" asked Otis, annoyed. His sensitive temperament assured him that a creditor was in the hall.

"Ah, Mr. Otis," exclaimed a small, hook-nosed man, entering the room in a half-apologetic manner. "I see you are going away. I haf come for my leetle pill."

"To the dickens with your 'pill,' Isaac. You'll have to wait until next term," said Otis emphatically.

"Oh, but Mr. Otees, I haf a vamily to subport. Your pill has been running for a year and a half. I must have the money now."

"I tell you I can't pay you now. Do you hear? What's three months to you, Isaac? Wait till the fall. I'll pay you as soon as I return."

"But, Mr. Otees—"

"Stop right there, Isaac. I haven't time to argue with you. I'm in a great hurry. I have told you—"

"But, Mr. Otees—"

"Get out, do you hear?" cried the young man angrily; and taking the little Jew by the shoulders he hustled him into the hallway, shut the door and locked it.

Arnold looked grave.

"What a foolish fellow you are, Hal. Why don't you telegraph to your father and settle up here before you leave?"

"Why don't I? You wouldn't ask me if you knew the Governor. He's grumbling already because I've spent so much money this year. Heighho, I'll have to economize next term. I'll give up my pipe and take to cigars."

Arnold laughed at his chum's idea of practical economy. At that moment another rap at the door made Otis jump.

"See who's there, Jack," he whispered as he disappeared behind the door of his bed-room.

"Is Mr. Otis here, Mr. Arnold?" asked a woman's voice.

"What can we do for you?" returned Arnold in a non-committal way.

"Shure and you know, Mr. Arnold, what I'm after. Is it washin' for nothin' Mr. Otis wants a poor woman to do? You always pay me, sir, but I haven't had a cint from your chum since the wake before Christmas. I'll go to the Prisidint with the bill, sir, unless I get my money to-day."

Here Otis appeared upon the scene.

"Come in, Mrs. Sullivan," he said politely, throwing upon the flushed and excited woman his pleasantest smile. "Sit down," he added, pushing a chair toward her. "I'm just in the midst of packing. You don't know how pleased I am with those last shirts you did for us. They were perfect."

Mrs. Sullivan smiled. Like all women she loved flattery.

"Count me," he continued, taking a two-dollar bill from his pocket, "to hand you a little present to prove my satisfaction at your work. It will give me great pleasure, Mrs. Sullivan, to recommend you to the new men next fall."

The washer-woman's face glowed with pleasure.

"As for your bill, Mrs. Sullivan," Otis went on, carelessly picking out a memorandum from the pile of unwelcome paper on the desk, "I will send you a cheque in payment on my return to New York. That will do, of course, will it not? Thank you. Now, if you will excuse me, I will return to my packing. It's an actual pleasure for me to go through my effects, Mrs. Sullivan, my underclothing is all so well laundried. There, there; no thanks are needed. Good-bye till the fall. Don't overwork yourself, Mrs. Sullivan. As a Senior, you know, I shall have a great deal for you to do."

Mrs. Sullivan, somewhat dazed, arose, looked wistfully at Arnold, muttered something that might have been either a protest or an expression of gratitude and slowly left the room.

"That's a shame, Hal," remarked Arnold sternly when they were again alone.

"Nonsense, old man; I'll do as I said. I'll send her the money as soon as I get home."

"Perhaps—if you don't forget it," returned the athlete doubtfully.

"Well, well, I shan't forget it, so that's all right. But, by Jove, I *must* get out of this. I really couldn't stand the nervous strain of another Richard Brinsley Sheridan act. Come down town with me, old man. I'll blow you off to a farewell dinner at Brown's."

Arnold hesitated a moment. He did not care to accept the hospitality of a man so deep in debt. However, the long vacation was at hand and he could not see his chum again for three months. It would not do to offend him at such a time.

"All right, Hal. I'll be with you in a moment. I fear that down town my present costume would not be considered good form."

It was nearly nine o'clock when Otis left his chum at the restaurant and set out for Rhoda Barr's house. With the recklessness of a sanguine temperament upon which a burden of debt rested as lightly as oil upon water, he had ordered a luxurious dinner—and had had the score charged to his long-standing account.

As he hurried onward the beauty of the night thrilled him with delight. A full moon shone down upon a land luxuriating in the garniture of summer. A gentle breeze fanned his cheeks and brought to him the odor of flowers and aromatic shrubs.

"Oh, Harry, have you come at last?" cried Rhoda, as he entered the parlor. Throwing her arms, bare to the elbow, around his neck, she whispered: "I was so tired waiting for you!"

What had happened to the night? Of a sudden the moonlight seemed less brilliant, the perfume of the flowers was gone, his spirit, a moment back attuned to the harmonies around him, revolted against—what? He hardly knew. Perhaps his conscience might have told him.

Hand in hand they sat by the open window, silent for a time. At length she murmured:

"Tell me what troubles you, *cheri*?"

"Do you not guess?" he asked more coldly than he knew. "I can not see you again for months."

A smile played across her pale face, but in her eyes was the gleam of tears as she looked up to him.

"Why not? I shall be here all summer. New York is not so very far away. You can come to me now and then."

He did not answer. A gentle, girlish face was before him and his heart told him that he loved not the woman at his side. Why should he not tell her so? It would be a cruel blow, but in the end would it not be best? A blush of shame suffused his cheeks. He had been deceiving her for months; he had been selfish, unmanly, cruel. But would it not be even worse to leave her now in the belief that she still possessed his heart.

The intuitions of a woman—especially of a woman in love—are quick and searching. Rhoda had withdrawn her hand and now stood erect before him, cold and self-contained, though the trembling of her lips betokened the agitation of her soul.

"You do not answer," she said in a low, vibrant voice. "You have grown weary of me; you love me not."

He sprang up in dismay. How was it that she had read his thoughts? He stood dumb before her; his face ghastly pale.

"Speak," she implored. "Oh, Harry, do not break my heart!" There was the echo of a sob in her voice.

Harlan, pitying the woman, hating himself, threw an arm about her neck and drew her face to his. Kissing her, he whispered: "Rhoda, you deceive yourself. You know I ——." He hesitated an instant. The lie he was about to utter stuck in his throat.

"Stop," she cried, placing an ice-cold hand on his lips. "Be careful what you say. There are women who like to be deceived. I am not one of them. Sit down again. See, I am as calm as the moon itself. Now, Harry, search your heart and tell me what you find. Is there not there a ghost—the shadow of a love now dead? Is there not there another face than mine? Tell me the truth. I love you too well, Harry, to stand between you and happiness."

The unselfishness of this woman added to the young man's misery. What should he say to her? Could he tell her that her jealous soul had read his secret, that his fickle nature was weary of the ties that bound him to her? She had given up so much for him! She had sacrificed everything that woman holds dear to her love, to the first real passion of her unhappy life. He knew that one word from him would destroy forever her dream of joy—and he was silent.

She sat quiet for awhile, as though turned to stone. The room had grown dark, for heavy clouds had extinguished the white light of the moon. Suddenly she arose again.

"You do not answer," she moaned, "Oh, leave me, leave me. I wish to be alone."

Sinking upon a sofa, she buried her face in the pillow, while her frame shook convulsively.

Harlan Otis gazed at her in silence for a moment, then, muttering to himself "it is better so," hurried from the house.

The night had undergone a vast change. Black clouds had obscured the moon, while the rumble of thunder vibrated along the western hills. A flash of lightning now and then gleamed across the sky. A cold wind whistled through the tree-tops. All nature seemed to welcome the coming storm.

The young man hastened onward, hardly conscious where he was. The rebellion of the elements seemed in accord with the agitation of his soul. What had he lost? He scarcely knew. In his ears rang the sob of a woman he once had loved and into his face her eyes gazed reproachfully. It was more than he could bear. Leaning against a tree and raising his arms toward the threatening sky he cried out in despair:

"Oh, God, I wish that I were dead!"

CHAPTER IX.

Alexander Otis, one of the leading members of the New York bar, had but two objects in life, his profession and his son. His wife had been dead many years and the affection of his later manhood had centered in his only child. His great hope was that Harlan would become a lawyer worthy of the name he bore.

Mr. Otis was a tall, spare, dignified man whose most intimate friend would never have dared to call him "Aleck." To the general public he was almost wholly unknown. He had never engaged in politics and had manfully resisted the temptation to become an after-dinner speaker. Nevertheless, his practice was large and profitable and he was recognized by his colleagues as one of the most scholarly and best-read members of his profession.

He led a very lonely life. Since the departure of his son for college his home on Madison Avenue had been far from attractive and he had spent most of his leisure time at his club. His cold, rather forbidding manner did not draw men to him and his self-absorption increased as the years went by.

He was always pleased when the rolling months brought a vacation to his son. Then he would revise his mode of life, desert his club for a time and dine at home. He seemed to grow younger in spirit in Harlan's company, and even deigned to go to the theatre now and then.

Thus it was that a smile played across his strong, rather handsome face one afternoon as he read a telegram that ran as follows:

"Will be home at six.

HARLAN."

Glancing at his watch he saw that it was ten minutes after five. Hastily laying aside the papers before him, he locked his desk, gave certain orders to his clerks and left the office. The law had monopolized his time for months; he could afford to give a few hours to his son.

The love of a father for a son is, perhaps, as strong a passion as the complex nature of man begets. The greatest sacrifice that the mind of the Omnipotent could conceive, the only atonement that could wipe out the sins of a lost world consisted in the consecration of God's only begotten son to an ignominious death. Thus for twenty centuries has the relationship of father and son been made sacred by the great tragedy of the redemption, and for ages the weary sons of earth have cried out in prayer to Our Father which art in Heaven.

There were in the eyes of Alexander Otis an unwonted tenderness, a gentle yearning, as he greeted Harlan at the depot. But, as always, his manner was cold, undemonstrative, distant. He shook hands with his son, whom he had not seen for months, with the same ceremonious politeness that he would have shown to a chance acquaintance.

"You look tired and worn, my boy," remarked the father as they drove toward home. "I fear you are not well."

Harlan smiled sadly. "It is nothing," he said. "I am always obliged to cram hard at examination time—and the weather has been very hot for the last two weeks."

"And how did you come out?"

"Oh, fairly well. Honors in English and History; a slight condition in Greek."

"You resemble your mother mentally," remarked the elder man, musingly. "Your mind is brilliant in spots."

"Thanks," returned Harlan, smiling again.

"But I did not intend to flatter you. In fact I regret that you do not possess a more common-place mental make-up. It would be safer in the end."

Harlan felt hurt. Though he did not stand high in his class, owing to his habit of neglecting term-work, he had won more prizes than any of his colleagues and was considered, justly, the best-read man of his year. That his father did not seem to appreciate his achievements had long been a source of annoyance to the young collegian. Perhaps in the years to come he would better understand his father's farsightedness.

"And what are your plans for the summer, Harlan?" asked Mr. Otis at dinner.

Though he spoke in his usual sympathetic way, there was a nervous tremor in his glance that might have told Harlan how much his father's happiness was involved in the answer he should make.

But the son's eyes were fixed upon his plate. As had always been the case, he failed to penetrate beneath the mask of his father's manner and find there a warm, loving heart, thirsty for his confidence.

For this unfortunate lack of mutual appreciation they were both in part responsible. Neither of them had ever made a determined effort to understand the other. The father did not realize that his manner, the outcome of years of self-repression, repelled his son; the son failed to appreciate the fact that where his father was concerned he was inconsiderate and selfish. Thus there had grown up between them a wall of constraint, a barrier it had taken years to erect, an obstacle to mutual confidence and sympathy that each vaguely recognized, though neither of them felt that he was in any way responsible for it.

Harlan did not answer his father's question at once. He knew that the grave, dignified man who was gazing at him so intently from the other side of the board had one strong desire in his heart at that moment—to have his son begin his law-reading at once. What the young man did not realize was that the lonely, seemingly self-sufficient lawyer craved companionship, that his soul cried out for love, that he longed to spend the next few months with his son in a closer communion than they had yet enjoyed.

Perhaps this knowledge would not have altered the young man's purpose. It is not often, alas, that youth is willing to sacrifice its plans in order to satisfy the hunger of paternal love. Oh, would that some clairvoyant power could be granted us when young that we might forsee for a moment those distant years when the dear gray head has been long laid at rest and through our tears we look upon a shadowy face whose lines of pain our thoughtless selves had caused! "Too late, too late," ring out the fatal words. "Ye were not kind in time. But look your punishment is here. Wait till that toddling boy is a little older grown; wait till that bright-eyed girl knows something of the pleasures of the world! Wait till your bruised and weary heart cries out for the thoughtful, attentive, unselfish love that you once denied another yearning soul—and, behold, your father is avenged!"

After a long silence, Harlan raised his eyes and met his father's gaze.

"I should like to go to Europe," he said abruptly.

The face of the elder man grew somewhat paler than its wont. The lines about his mouth became stern, almost harsh. His eyelids quivered and his hand shook as he raised a glass of water to his lips.

Alexander Otis had passed a financial crisis in his life. Although he had earned a large amount of money every year for the past two decades he had lived luxuriously and had paid more attention to his professional reputation than to the conservation of wealth. He had invested largely in up-town real estate and his personal attention to these speculations was demanded for the next few months. Other-

Calypso or Penelope?

By EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

AUTHOR OF "WANTED, A SENSATION," "THE LAST OF THE VAN SLACKS," "A MAGNETIC MAN," ETC., ETC.

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myself to drift in a fatal current, knowing full well that naught but misery would be the outcome."

After a time he grew calmer and a new and more cheerful aspect of the case presented itself. If Alice Inman went to Europe it must mean that she had rejected Harlan Otis. In that case—

"In that case—nothing," he exclaimed aloud. "Why do I deceive myself? There is no hope! There is no hope!"

As he entered his parlor he saw his chum seated at the desk, writing.

"Toying with the muse, Hal?" he asked as calmly as he could.

"Yes, but the fire of genius burns very low to-night. I have produced nothing but truck." Thereupon he tore up the sheets of paper before him.

"I have a piece of news for you," remarked Arnold, unconsciously repeating Alice's phrase.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Alice Inman is going to Europe."

Harlan Otis paused in the operation of packing his pipe, looked at his chum in a startled way, laid down his meerschaum mechanically, muttered a hoarse "Good-night" and entered his bed-room, shutting the door behind him.

"Does he love her or does he not?" asked Arnold to himself. "The fact is I don't believe he knows."

CHAPTER VI.

It was early summer. June, not yet a week old, had donned her loveliest garb and the smiling earth rejoiced as the warm kisses of the burning sun fell upon her flower-bedecked bosom. Hills and valleys were carpeted with rich green velvet, while lilacs, apple-blossoms, daisies, buttercups and laurel gave to the landscape gay, brilliant tints and scented the summer breeze with the perfume of paradise. "A pleasing land of drowsy-hed it wa , of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye, and of gay castles in the clouds that pass, forever flushing round a summer sky."

Down a narrow road winding through a grove of chestnut, maple and hickory trees came a stylish dog-cart. A startled squirrel heard the clink and jingle of the harness and springing upon a fence-rail gave one timid glance at the on-coming turnout and then scampered into the woods to find a spot safe from the invasion of man. A robin, more daring than the squirrel, perched upon the lowest branch of a neighboring tree and lustily warbled a song of welcome to the young man and woman who passed that way.

"It is hard to believe on such a day as this," Harlan Otis was saying, as he leaned back, puffing a cigarette and allowing Rhoda to handle the reins, "that sin and sorrow can really exist. Why is the world so beautiful? Just look there, Rhoda," he cried, as they left the grove behind them and came suddenly upon the brow of a lofty hill.

The scene before them was entrancing. A silvery shimmer in the valley told where the river found its way toward the sea. Farm houses nestled here and there, while far to the north-ward the spires and steeples of the city glistened in the sunlight.

"Let's get out here and spend an hour, Rhoda, communing with our own souls—and a box of sardines."

The young man sprang out of the cart on the instant and gave his hand to his companion. As we have had only a glimpse of Rhoda Barr in the darkness that precedes dawn, let me describe her as she looked in the searching light of the midday sun. She was somewhat above the medium height, slender, lissome, graceful. Her hair was dark and luxuriant, her eyes large and very changeable in tint. Her features were delicately cut and, as you watched her closely, you felt that perhaps one of her parents had died of consumption. She was dressed quietly in a black and white checked cheviot. At her waist, as usual, reposed a bunch of fragrant violets.

Throwing off her black straw sailor hat, she allowed the gentle breeze to toy with her disordered hair, laughing gleefully as she helped Harlan to spread luncheon on a rock that seemed designed by nature to serve them for a banquet-board. It was a large, flat stone that had been worn smooth during the glacial epoch. It lay in the shadow of an enormous oak tree and not far off a little spring bubbled merrily up as though anxious to do its share toward the entertainment of the unexpected guests.

"Isn't this jolly?" exclaimed Harlan, enthusiastically as he uncorked a bottle of champagne and filled Rhoda's glass.

"Indeed it is. Adam and Eve before the fall might have envied us."

"Yes. They had no sardines, no sandwiches, no champagne, no cigarettes—nothing but fruit, leisure and a great longing to know a thing or two."

Rhoda was leaning against the tree, her soft, liquid eyes lazily wandering over the landscape.

"Do you really love me, Harry?" she asked suddenly, turning upon him a penetrating glance that brought the quick blood to his cheeks.

"Always in doubt," he cried. "What more can I do, Rhoda, to prove my love for you."

"Give me a cigarette," she answered smiling mischievously.

"Then my love-gauge will go up in smoke. You are not superstitious?"

"Heigh-ho! Why should I be? What must be—must be. In that philosophy there is no place for superstition. But seriously, Harry," she continued, putting her arm around his neck and drawing his head down into her lap, "you have been very restless for a few days past. Tell me, darling, what troubles you." She bent down and kissed his red, voluptuous lips.

"Nothing troubles me," he answered emphatically. "Who could be worried in such a place, at such a time as this? Do you remember Riley's poem on June? It seems to voice the very spirit of this hour:

'O queenly month of indolent repose;
I drink they breath in sips of rare perfume,
As in thy downy lap of clover-bloom
I nestle like a drowsy child, and doze
The lazy hours away. The zephyr throws
The shifting shuttle of the Summer's loom,
And weaves a damask-work of gleam and gloom,
Before thy listless feet. The lily blows
A bugle-call of fragrance o'er the glade;
And, wheeling into ranks, with plume and spear,
Thy harvest-armies gather on parade;
While, faint and far away, yet pure and clear,
A voice calls out of allen lands of shade,—
'All hail the Peerless Goddess of the Year!'"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Rhoda.

"Yes—but dusty," added Harlan refilling his champagne glass and draining it to the bottom.

"What a changeable fellow you are, Harry! One moment you are soaring in the clouds, listening to the music of the spheres. The next instant you come down to earth and call for a copy of Puck or Judge."

"So much the more fun. The man who can derive enjoyment from Shelley and Bill Nye is not likely to be bored in this world."

"Perhaps not. But as he goes through life he may cause a vast amount of sorrow to those who love him."

"Why? I don't quite understand you!"

"Yes you do, Harry. You know well what I mean. Your heart is as fickle as your mind. Two months ago you were mentally in love with chemistry. Last week there was nothing worthy your attention save the old English dramatists. Next week I expect to find you infatuated with astronomy. By the end of your Senior year you will be mentally blasé, worn out with the short-lived enthusiasms of your four year's sojourn here."

"Good heavens, what a lecture!" cried Harlan, lighting a cigarette and playfully blowing the smoke upward into the handsome face above him. "And you say my heart is as unstable as my mind?"

"I fear it is," she answered sadly. "You will always receive more love than you can give."

The young man gazed thoughtfully across the riant meadows and the undulating hills, while an amused smile played around his mouth. Presently he seized her thin, white, shapely hand and kissed it passionately.

"I love you, Rhoda. Are you not content?"

An expression of weariness, almost of pain crossed her face as she stroked the white smooth forehead that gleamed like marble in her lap.

"Content? Yes—for the moment. But a year from now! What then?"

Harlan laughed mockingly.

"Or a hundred years, for that matter. We may be dead a year from now. Or—you may love some other man. Who knows? Come, Rhoda, why will you borrow trouble? Nothing exists but to-day. *'Quam minimum credula postero'*—to the devil with to-morrow, as Horace says. Don't be blue, darling." He had risen and was seated by her side. Throwing his arms around her he drew her lips to his. "I love you, I love you, I love you," he murmured passionately. Their eyes met, the hot blood burned their cheeks, her arms encircled him and, while the brooklet scolded and the oak tree whispered to the passing breeze, they gave themselves up to the intoxication that youth begets from love.

The sun had begun to sink toward the West and the trees cast long shadows athwart the sward as Harlan and his companion re-entered the dog-cart and made their way northward toward the city. They were very quiet as they drove onward, and the young man answered absently the few remarks addressed to him. Rhoda noticed this and the same expression of pain and apprehension that had thrown its shadow across her face earlier in the day appeared again and rested there for a time.

An hour later they were seated at the dining-table in Rhoda's quaint, old-fashioned house. Her mother, a confirmed invalid who seldom left her room, had sent down word that she was not feeling as well as usual and could not dine with them—for which relief Harlan Otis gave silent thanks to fate.

As he glanced across the well-appointed table at the graceful, fair-faced woman who had given him her heart, the young collegian wondered how it all would end. Mentally and physically he was infatuated with Rhoda Barr, but there had often come to him of late a feeling of repulsion in her presence, a longing to be free of the ties that bound him to her that was well-nigh irresistible. At such times the face of Alice Inman came before him and the blush of shame would suffuse his cheek as he realized how unworthy he was of a pure girl's love.

Rhoda Barr understood thoroughly the young man's nature. At first his attentions had amused her without awakening within her any strong emotion. Being, for some mysterious reason known only to a few, shunned by "society," she had taken a somewhat malicious pleasure in monopolizing the leisure time of a youth who was considered "a great card" by the match-making matrons of the town. As time went on, however, Rhoda had fallen passionately in love with the handsome, fickle, brilliant collegian. For nearly a year now she had devoted her whole life to his service and had tried to wean him wholly from the functions of the gay world. She had been only partially successful and already she began to realize that the restless, unstable nature of the poet would not long endure the restraints imposed by her.

Nevertheless she was a woman of endless resources, well-read, an accomplished linguist and a highly cultivated musician. In fact she held a strong hand in the game about to be played and that her cards would be skillfully manipulated no one who knew her could for a moment doubt.

She was very quiet that night at dinner and let Harlan indulge his thoughts as he pleased. Then, after they had finished their *liqueurs*, she led the way to the drawing-room and raising the lid of the piano motioned Harlan toward an easy chair near the open window. Striking a match she held it against the end of his cigar. As the smoke arose and slowly disappeared on the evening breeze that murmured through the trees, a sense of calm stole over the collegian's soul, while through the night echoed the soft and soothing strains of a Chopin nocturne.

After a time the motif changed. No longer was the night calm and restful. There was passion, seduction in the breeze that kissed his cheeks. The fever of love unsatisfied vibrated through the strange, weird harmony. Life was love, and love was life. There was nothing in the universe save the union of two souls. "Come to me, come to me," a voice cried in the darkness, the music ceased and on the night went up the murmur of a long, an ardent kiss.

It was midnight and Harlan Otis trudged wearily toward college. He was dissatisfied with all the world, his head ached, his brain was in a whirl. Before him arose the shadow of tasks undone, of duties unfilled, the memory of a day wasted in idleness—and worse.

"Heighho!" he muttered, casting a glance behind him at the house he had just left. "Possession may be nine-tenths of the Law; it is certainly ten-tenths of Satiety."

CHAPTER VII.

Oriental tradition asserts that Zohara, the queen of love, was also the mother of mischief. Beautiful, enticing, she wrought ruin whithersoever she went. To very this day her victims are suspended by their feet, head downwards, between heaven and earth and the mountain-tops re-echo with their cries of pain.

Whether there be truth or not in this ancient legend, certain it is that beauty is a dangerous weapon when wielded by a woman who feels that all the world is against her. Rhoda Hamerton, widow of the late Augustus Barr, attorney and counsellor at law, had long had a grudge against society. The cause of this bitterness had had its birth in the very first months of her sojourn in the conservative old New England city in which her mother and herself had taken up their abode some ten years before the opening of this narrative.

Whence they came, why they came no one knew. Mrs. Hamerton was a stately, handsome old lady who made no acquaintances, and who seemed to be fairly well provided with the treasures of this wicked world. Her daughter was at that time a delicate, slender girl, whose face gave promise of acquiring that striking beauty we know that it finally attained.

Purchasing an historic house near the centre of the town, Mrs. Hamerton settled down to a quiet life and placed her daughter at school. Then it was that Rhoda Hamerton, by nature affectionate, confiding, cheerful, first tasted the poison that changed her whole being and warped her virgin soul.

There is an ancient Saxon verb which has gone through many changes during the lapse of ages, having been written variously *sneap, snib, sneb* and *snub*. The meaning of the word has fluctuated almost as much as its spelling, but both its orthography and significance are now established on a permanent basis. This generation has decreed that "snubbing" is the method by which the different strata of society are held in their appropriate places. To snub the right people, at the right time, in the right place and in the right way is all that is necessary in these days to maintain that social position in which either birth or chance has placed you.

Now, from the first day of her appearance at her new school Rhoda Hamerton was "snubbed." Even the teachers neglected her, anxious, as they were, to retain the good will of the young women in their charge who belonged to the "old families" of the town. That she was handsome, docile, clever, counted for nothing. In fact, her superiority as a scholar only increased the unfriendliness that surrounded her, for jealousy was soon added to the feelings of resentment that influenced her class-mates. Who was this stranger who never blundered, who could speak French with a perfect accent, who played classic music with the hand of a master, who moved with the grace and dignity of a queen and whose patrician features grew ever more charming as the months went by? Hamerton? Not a bad name, indeed, but one unknown to the township. And then again, it might be assumed. At all events it was not safe to be too intimate with people who gave no account of themselves and who did not even tell whence they came.

Those were very unhappy years to Rhoda, and they changed her from a bright, hopeful, sweet-tempered girl into an ambitious, jealous, embittered young woman, distrustful of others, self-reliant, restless. She had measured herself with her contemporaries and had proved her superiority. Still she had no place in the social life around her, no recognition from the haughty descendants of those righteous immigrants who rejoiced that hell was hot and gloried in the death-agonies of a charred and smoking witch.

Alice Inman had been one of Rhoda's school-mates. Though a few years younger than the stranger, she had been the only girl in the school who had made the slightest advance toward the newcomer. About a week after Rhoda's admittance Alice had approached her desk at recess, and, taking the new pupil's hand, had said:

"I fear you are not happy here. You look sad."

The tears came into Rhoda's eyes, her pale cheeks flushed; then, as if ashamed of her emotion, she withdrew her hand and answered coldly:

"Thank you; I am very well content."

An awkward silence ensued. Before it was broken, the recess came to an end and Alice Inman returned to her seat. And never again, though the warp and woof of their lives were strangely interwoven, did these two women exchange words. Better, perhaps, had it been for both if the friendship then offered and rejected had been allowed to flourish.

After her graduation Rhoda had led a life of seclusion, devoting her time to her books, her music and her mother. Mrs. Hamerton, whose lungs were not strong, had been unable to withstand the treacheries of a New England climate and had gradually become a confirmed invalid.

It was at this time that Augustus Barr, a rising young lawyer, in good standing both professionally and socially, had fallen in love with Rhoda. He had seen her at church one morning, and from that hour his sole ambition had been to make her acquaintance and win her regard. Being wealthy, handsome and persevering, he had been successful in all this and had finally made her his wife. Thus had Rhoda's unpopularity in the community been increased, for Augustus Barr, scion of an old colonnial family, had been one of the few really eligible young men in a town not over-stocked with marriageable bachelors.

We need not dwell long upon Rhoda's married life. Her husband, madly infatuated with her, had determined to place her in that social position to which her beauty, her accomplishments and her new name entitled her. Hardly, however, had he taken the first successful steps toward this end than he sickened and died.

With that regard for the welfare of the community that had actuated their ancestors in the persecution of the Quakers, the gossips of the town whispered that Rhoda Barr had exercised an evil influence over her unhappy spouse, that she had coveted his money and that in some mysterious way she had been responsible for his death. Thus it was that as a widow she was shunned even more thoroughly than she had been as a school-girl.

Imagine the influence of all this on a highly sensitive temperament! Is it strange that Rhoda Barr lost faith in all things; that she longed for some excitement that would allay for a time the bitter pain that wrung her heart?

It was nearly a year after her husband's death that she first appeared in public. One evening in early spring when her mother was feeling unusually well Rhoda had persuaded her to attend a concert at the opera house. Attired in deep mourning, relieved only by a bunch of violets, Mrs. Barr attracted instant attention as she and her mother entered the crowded auditorium. "The best people of the city were present," as the newspapers announced the next morning, and the buzz of malicious tongues followed the arrival of the lamented lawyer's wife.

Harlan Otis and three fellow collegians occupied a box near the stage. Our hero, who was then in his sophomore year, had often heard of Rhoda Barr, but had never seen her. As he gazed at her that night it seemed to him that he had not lived before. The awful power of beauty was revealed to him and his poetic temperament thrilled with a new sense, a mingled feeling of hope and ecstasy.

"Do you see that woman in black there, old man?" he whispered to Arnold, late in the evening.

"Yes. It is Mrs. Barr."

"Well, Jack, I love her; and, before a year has passed I shall make her love me."

Arnold smiled at the boyish confidence his chum expressed. He did not seem to realize that with the nature of the poet is often combined the mysterious power of the clairvoyant.

CHAPTER VIII.

Commencement day had come and gone. Once again the college had sent forth into the world its annual quota of half-educated youths to repair, as best they could, the mental ravages incurred during the last four years. "Go forth," the Spirit of the Times had said, "ye Bachelors of Arts, and learn the lessons of the busy throng. Go forth from the shady groves of Academe and read in the heart of man that which your books have never taught. Go forth and measure your strength in the battle of life, and fight the fight as best you may. The world and all its treasures lie before you. Did you stand high among the scholars of your class? Beware of him upon whose dullness you have cast the glance of scorn. New conditions surround you all, new foes there are to fight, new roads to tread. And perhaps as the years glide by the last shall be first and the first last—for the standards of the world are just."

One year more, Jack!" exclaimed Harlan Otis, as he reclined on a window-seat and watched the smoke from his pipe as it embraced the wanton breeze and sped away.

"Aye, one year more—the crisis of your life, old man."

Otis cast a sharp, impatient glance at his chum who, attired in a jersey and blazer, lay outstretched on a divan. The noble proportions of the athlete were outlined against the dark red back-ground of the couch. He was a magnificent specimen of young American manhood, symmetrical, muscular, well-balanced. Perhaps there was a suggestion of jealousy in the eyes of the poet as they rested on the man of might.

"Be careful, Jack. You are approaching a forbidden topic."

"Well, then," returned Arnold good-naturedly, "let us change the subject. What are you going to do, Hal, for the next three months?"

"Heighho, I don't know! My father wants me to read law. That's absurd, of course. Imagine a summer spent in New York, cooped up among musty tomes and subject to parental guidance. I couldn't stand it, old man. I shall tell him so when I see him, but he's sometimes very stubborn, the Governor, so I don't know how it will all end."

"Do you want my advice?" asked Arnold, casting an affectionate glance at his erratic chum.

"No."

The monosyllable was so uncompromising that the athlete had nothing more to say.

"Come, come," exclaimed Otis presently, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and jumping down from the window-seat, "it's high time I did some packing. I must get away to-morrow morning, and I have a thousand things to do."

Arnold smiled as he watched the efforts of his chum to bring order out of the chaos that reigned in the room. His own trunks were already packed, his superfluous belongings were safely locked, his books were arranged in their appropriate places, his bills were all paid and nothing remained for him to do save to await the the hour of departure. Otis, on the other hand, was surrounded by an ocean of petty difficulties. What he wanted he could not find, what he needed not was close at hand. A pile of unreceipted bills lay upon his desk. His books were scattered around the apartment in undignified disorder. His method of packing a trunk—if method it could be called—was unique. Whatever came first to hand went first into the tray. Clothes, tennis-racquets, books, shoes, tobacco-pipes, brushes, pajamas, smoking jackets and other paraphernalia were jumbled together in most picturesque confusion.

"I wish I were an artist," remarked Arnold, as he watched the frantic endeavors of the poet to close and lock an over-stocked trunk. "I should paint a picture entitled 'Genius Preparing for a Journey.' I think it would make a hit."

"Oh, keep quiet, will you?" exclaimed Otis testily. "Come here and lock this trunk. I'll sit on the lid. There, that's right. Thanks. Now, what the deuce am I going to do about these bills?"

Our hero gazed ruefully at the desk. At that moment there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Arnold.

"Confound it, what did you do that for?" asked Otis, annoyed. His sensitive temperament assured him that a creditor was in the hall.

"Ah, Mr. Otis," exclaimed a small, hook-nosed man, entering the room in a half-apologetic manner. "I see you are going away. I haf come for my leetle pill."

"To the dickens with your 'pill,' Isaac. You'll have to wait until next term," said Otis emphatically.

"Oh, but Mr. Otees, I haf a vamily to subport. Your pill has been running for a year and a half. I must have the money now."

"I tell you I can't pay you now. Do you hear? What's three months to you, Isaac? Wait till the fall. I'll pay you as soon as I return."

"But, Mr. Otees—"

"Stop right there, Isaac. I haven't time to argue with you. I'm in a great hurry. I have told you—"

"But, Mr. Otees—"

"Get out, do you hear?" cried the young man angrily; and taking the little Jew by the shoulders he hustled him into the hallway, shut the door and locked it.

Arnold looked grave.

"What a foolish fellow you are, Hal. Why don't you telegraph to your father and settle up here before you leave?"

"Why don't I? You wouldn't ask me if you knew the Governor. He's grumbling already because I've spent so much money this year. Heighho, I'll have to economize next term. I'll give up my pipe and take to cigars."

Arnold laughed at his chum's idea of practical economy. At that moment another rap at the door made Otis jump.

"See who's there, Jack," he whispered as he disappeared behind the door of his bedroom.

"Is Mr. Otis here, Mr. Arnold?" asked a woman's voice.

"What can we do for you?" returned Arnold in a non-committal way.

"Shure and you know, Mr. Arnold, what I'm after. Is it washin' for nothin' Mr. Otis wants a poor woman to do? You always pay me, sir, but I haven't had a cint from your chum since the wake before Christmas. I'll go to the Prisidint with the bill, sir, unless I get my money to-day."

Here Otis appeared upon the scene.

"Come in, Mrs. Sullivan," he said politely, throwing upon the flushed and excited woman his pleasantest smile. "Sit down," he added, pushing a chair toward her. "I'm just in the midst of packing. You don't know how pleased I am with those last shirts you did for us. They were perfect."

Mrs. Sullivan smiled. Like all women she loved flattery.

"Permit me," he continued, taking a two-dollar bill from his pocket, "to hand you a little present to prove my satisfaction at your work. It will give me great pleasure, Mrs. Sullivan, to recommend you to the new men next fall."

The washer-woman's face glowed with pleasure.

"As for your bill, Mrs. Sullivan," Otis went on, carelessly picking out a memorandum from the pile of unwelcome paper on the desk, "I will send you a cheque in payment on my return to New York. That will do, of course, will it not? Thank you. Now, if you will excuse me, I will return to my packing. It's an actual pleasure for me to go through my effects, Mrs. Sullivan, my underclothing is all so well laundried. There, there; no thanks are needed. Good-bye till the fall. Don't overwork yourself, Mrs. Sullivan. As a Senior, you know, I shall have a great deal for you to do."

Mrs. Sullivan, somewhat dazed, arose, looked wistfully at Arnold, muttered something that might have been either a protest or an expression of gratitude and slowly left the room.

"That's a shame, Hal," remarked Arnold sternly when they were again alone.

Nonsense, old man; I'll do as I said. I'll send her the money as soon as I get home."

"Perhaps—if you don't forget it," returned the athlete doubtfully.

"Well, well, I shan't forget it, so that's all right. But, by Jove, I *must* get out of this. I really couldn't stand the nervous strain of another Richard Brinsley Sheridan act. Come down town with me, old man. I'll blow you off to a farewell dinner at Brown's."

Arnold hesitated a moment. He did not care to accept the hospitality of a man so deep in debt. However, the long vacation was at hand and he could not see his chum again for three months. It would not do to offend him at such a time.

"All right, Hal. I'll be with you in a moment. I fear that down town my present costume would not be considered good form."

It was nearly nine o'clock when Otis left his chum at the restaurant and set out for Rhoda Barr's house. With the recklessness of a sanguine temperament upon which a burden of debt rested as lightly as oil upon water, he had ordered a luxurious dinner—and had had the score charged to his long-standing account.

As he hurried onward the beauty of the night thrilled him with delight. A full moon shone down upon a land luxuriating in the garniture of summer. A gentle breeze fanned his cheeks and brought to him the odor of flowers and aromatic shrubs.

"Oh, Harry, have you come at last?" cried Rhoda, as he entered the parlor. Throwing her arms, bare to the elbow, around his neck, she whispered: "I was so tired waiting for you!"

What had happened to the night? Of a sudden the moonlight seemed less brilliant, the perfume of the flowers was gone, his spirit, a moment back attuned to the harmonies around him, revolted against—what? He hardly knew. Perhaps his conscience might have told him.

Hand in hand they sat by the open window, silent for a time. At length she murmured:

"Tell me what troubles you, *cheri*?"

"Do you not guess?" he asked more coldly than he knew. "I can not see you again for months."

A smile played across her pale face, but in her eyes was the gleam of tears as she looked up to him.

"Why not? I shall be here all summer. New York is not so very far away. You can come to me now and then."

He did not answer. A gentle, girlish face was before him and his heart told him that he loved not the woman at his side. Why should he not tell her so? It would be a cruel blow, but in the end would it not be best? A blush of shame suffused his cheeks. He had been deceiving her for months; he had been selfish, unmanly, cruel. But would it not be even worse to leave her now in the belief that she still possessed his heart.

The intuitions of a woman—especially of a woman in love—are quick and searching. Rhoda had withdrawn her hand and now stood erect before him, cold and self-contained, though the trembling of her lips betokened the agitation of her soul.

"You do not answer," she said in a low, vibrant voice. "You have grown weary of me; you love me not."

He sprang up in dismay. How was it that she had read his thoughts? He stood dumb before her; his face ghastly pale.

"Speak," she implored. "Oh, Harry, do not break my heart!" There was the ocho of a sob in her voice.

Harlan, pitying the woman, hating himself, threw an arm about her neck and drew her face to his. Kissing her, he whispered: "Rhoda, you deceive yourself. You know I —." He hesitated an instant. The lie he was about to utter stuck in his throat.

"Stop," she cried, placing an ice-cold hand on his lips. "Be careful what you say. There are women who like to be deceived. I am not one of them. Sit down again. See, I am as calm as the moon itself. Now, Harry, search your heart and tell me what you find. Is there not there a ghost—the shadow of a love now dead? Is there not there another face than mine? Tell me the truth. I love you too well, Harry, to stand between you and happiness."

The unselfishness of this woman added to the young man's misery. What should he say to her? Could he tell her that her jealous soul had read his secret, that his fickle nature was weary of the ties that bound him to her? She had given up so much for him! She had sacrificed everything that woman holds dear to her love, to the first real passion of her unhappy life. He knew that one word from him would destroy forever her dream of joy—and he was silent.

She sat quiet for awhile, as though turned to stone. The room had grown dark, for heavy clouds had extinguished the white light of the moon. Suddenly she arose again.

"You do not answer," she moaned, "Oh, leave me, leave me. I wish to be alone."

Sinking upon a sofa, she buried her face in the pillow, while her frame shook convulsively.

Harlan Otis gazed at her in silence for a moment, then, muttering to himself "it is better so," hurried from the house.

The night had undergone a vast change. Black clouds had obscured the moon, while the rumble of thunder vibrated along the western hills. A flash of lightning now and then gleamed across the sky. A cold wind whistled through the tree-tops. All nature seemed to welcome the coming storm.

The young man hastened onward, hardly conscious where he was. The rebellion of the elements seemed in accord with the agitation of his soul. What had he done? He scarcely knew. In his ears rang the sob of a woman he once had loved and into his face her eyes gazed reproachfully. It was more than he could bear. Leaning against a tree and raising his arms toward the threatening sky he cried out in despair:

"Oh, God, I wish that I were dead!"

CHAPTER IX.

Alexander Otis, one of the leading members of the New York bar, had but two objects in life, his profession and his son. His wife had been dead many years and the affection of his later manhood had centered in his only child. His great home was that Harlan would become a lawyer worthy of the name he bore.

Mr. Otis was a tall, spare, dignified man whose most intimate friend would never have dared to call him "Aleck." To the general public he was almost wholly unknown. He had never engaged in politics and had manfully resisted the temptation to become an after-dinner speaker. Nevertheless, his practice was large and profitable and he was recognized by his colleagues as one of the most scholarly and best-read members of his profession.

He led a very lonely life. Since the departure of his son for college his home on Madison Avenue had been far from attractive and he had spent most of his leisure time at his club. His cold, rather forbidding manner did not draw men to him and his self-absorption increased as the years went by.

He was always pleased when the rolling months brought a vacation to his son. Then he would revise his mode of life, desert his club for a time and dine at home. He seemed to grow younger in spirit in Harlan's company, and even deigned to go to the theatre now and then.

Thus it was that a smile played across his strong, rather handsome face one afternoon as he read a telegram that ran as follows:

"Will be home at six.

HARLAN."

Glancing at his watch he saw that it was ten minutes after five. Hastily laying aside the papers before him, he locked his desk, gave certain orders to his clerks and left the office. The law had monopolized his time for months; he could afford to give a few hours to his son.

The love of a father for a son is, perhaps, as strong a passion as the complex nature of man begets. The greatest sacrifice that the mind of the Omnipotent could conceive, the only atonement that could wipe out the sins of a lost world consisted in the consecration of God's only begotten son to an ignominious death. Thus for twenty centuries has the relationship of father and son been made sacred by the great tragedy of the redemption, and for ages the weary sons of earth have cried out in prayer to Our Father which art in Heaven.

There were in the eyes of Alexander Otis an unwonted tenderness, a gentle yearning, as he greeted Harlan at the depot. But, as always, his manner was cold, undemonstrative, distant. He shook hands with his son, whom he had not seen for months, with the same ceremonious politeness that he would have shown to a chance acquaintance.

"You look tired and worn, my boy," remarked the father as they drove toward home. "I fear you are not well."

Harlan smiled sadly. "It is nothing," he said. "I am always obliged to cram hard at examination time—and the weather has been very hot for the last two weeks."

"And how did you come out?"

"Oh, fairly well. Honors in English and History; a slight condition in Greek."

"You resemble your mother mentally," remarked the elder man, musingly. "Your mind is brilliant in spots."

"Thanks," returned Harlan, smiling again.

"But I did not intend to flatter you. In fact I regret that you do not possess a more common-place mental make-up. It would be safer in the end."

Harlan felt hurt. Though he did not stand high in his class, owing to his habit of neglecting term-work, he had won more prizes than any of his colleagues and was considered, justly, the best-read man of his year. That his father did not seem to appreciate his achievements had long been a source of annoyance to the young collegian. Perhaps in the years to come he would better understand his father's far-sightedness.

"And what are your plans for the summer, Harlan?" asked Mr. Otis at dinner.

Though he spoke in his usual sympathetic way, there was a nervous tremor in his glance that might have told Harlan how much his father's happiness was involved in the answer he should make.

But the son's eyes were fixed upon his plate. As had always been the case, he failed to penetrate beneath the mask of his father's manner and find there a warm, loving heart, thirsty for his confidence.

For this unfortunate lack of mutual appreciation they were both in part responsible. Neither of them had ever made a determined effort to understand the other. The father did not realize that his manner, the outcome of years of self-repression, repelled his son; the son failed to appreciate the fact that where his father was concerned he was inconsiderate and selfish. Thus there had grown up between them a wall of constraint, a barrier it had taken years to erect, an obstacle to mutual confidence and sympathy that each vaguely recognized, though neither of them felt that he was in any way responsible for it.

Harlan did not answer his father's question at once. He knew that the grave, dignified man who was gazing at him so intently from the other side of the board had one strong desire in his heart at that moment—to have his son begin his law-reading at once. What the young man did not realize was that the lonely, seemingly self-sufficient lawyer craved companionship, that his soul cried out for love, that he longed to spend the next few months with his son in a closer communion than they had yet enjoyed.

Perhaps this knowledge would not have altered the young man's purpose. It is not often, alas, that youth is willing to sacrifice its plans in order to satisfy the hunger of paternal love. Oh, would that some clairvoyant power could be granted us when young that we might forsee for a moment those distant years when the dear gray head has been long laid at rest and through our tears we look upon a shadowy face whose lines of pain our thoughtlessness had caused! "Too late, too late," ring out the fatal words. "Ye were not kind in time. But look your punishment is here. Wait till that toddling boy is a little older grown; wait till that bright-eyed girl knows something of the pleasures of the world! Wait till your bruised and weary heart cries out for the thoughtful, attentive, unselfish love that you once denied another yearning soul—and, behold, your father is avenged!"

After a long silence, Harlan raised his eyes and met his father's gaze.

"I should like to go to Europe," he said abruptly.

The face of the elder man grew somewhat paler than its wont. The lines about his mouth became stern, almost harsh. His eyelids quivered and his hand shook as he raised a glass of water to his lips.

Alexander Otis had passed a financial crisis in his life. Although he had earned a large amount of money every year for the past two decades he had lived luxuriously and had paid more attention to his professional reputation than to the conservation of wealth. He had invested largely in up-town real estate and his personal attention to these speculations was demanded for the next few months. Other-

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For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them may be mentioned:—

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four *Articles upon Japan*, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent *Japanese Festival* will follow, illustrated by Mr Blum.

HENRY M. STANLEY

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "*The Pigmies of the Great African Forest.*" Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent *African Exhibition* held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

THE WRECKER,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, M. P.,

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of *Four Articles upon India* embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-dying interest.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful Railroad articles. "*Passenger Travel*," "*The Life of Officers and Men*," "*Speed and Safety Devices*," and "*Management*," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on *Broadway*, will be written by Richard Harding Davis and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on *Piccadilly*, London: *Boulevard*, Paris; *The Corso*, Rome.

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Hon. JOHN D. LONG (ex-Governor of Massachusetts) furnishes six articles, under the general title of Our Government, for the enlightenment of coming citizens—the boys and girls of to-day.

KIRK MUNROE, who lately lived for a time the life of a railroad man, in all phases from parlor car to cattle cage, has put his experience into a thrilling serial for boys called Cab and Caboose. Striking pictures by Edmund H. Garrett.

MARGARET SIDNEY'S new serial, Five Little Peppers Grown Up, will tell more about Polly and Jasper and David and Joel and Phronsie, and others, as it runs through the year. Fifty charming illustrations by Charles Mente.

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STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 26
Flemington	1.8	4 42	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 22	4 20
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 34	4 10
Eagleville	9.9	4 59	37	4 06
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 48	4 02
Mt. Eagle	17.7	5 14	9 56	3 58
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 01	3 55
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 12	3 50
BELLEFONTE	24.2	5 35	10 25	3 [illegible]
Milesburg	25.4	5 46	10 38	[illegible]
Snow Shoe Int.	24.8	5 48	10 [illegible]	[illegible]
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	[illegible]
Julian	32.9	6 06	10 59	[illegible]
Martha	37.6	6 16	11 09	[illegible]
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	[illegible]
Bamans	43.7	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Powell	45.6	6 39	29	[illegible]
Ira	46.8	6 43	11 32	[illegible]
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 49	11 38	[illegible]
Vail	51.2	6 54	11 43	[illegible]
East Tyrone	53.8	6 58	2 [illegible]	[illegible]
TYRONE	54	7 05	12 [illegible]	[illegible]

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P.M	P.M
TYRONE		8 10	10	7 1
East Tyrone	1.8	8 17	17	7 [illegible]
Vail	3.1	8 20	20	[illegible]
Bald Eagle	5.6	8 25	24	7 [illegible]
Ira	8.0	8 31	30	[illegible]
Powell	9.3	8 37	36	[illegible]
Bamans	10.6	8 46	3 27	[illegible]
Port Matilda	13.2	8 53	34	[illegible]
Martha	17.3	8 61	43	[illegible]
Julian	22.4	9 09	4 [illegible]	[illegible]
Unionville	25.8	9 16	[illegible]	[illegible]
Snow Shoe Int.	29.5	9 18	4 18	[illegible]
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 [illegible]	[illegible]
BELLEFONTE	33.6	9 32	4 30	[illegible]
Milesburg	39.8	9 47	4 40	9 [illegible]
Curtin	34.4	10 01	4 57	[illegible]
Mt. Eagle	35.6	10 06	4 59	[illegible]
Howard	39.2	10 18	5 02	[illegible]
Eagleville	44.4	10 34	5 11	[illegible]
Eagleville	45.6	10 39	5 14	[illegible]
Mill Hall	51.3	10 55	5 27	[illegible]
Flemington	52.5	10 54	5 27	[illegible]
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 34	[illegible]

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Read Up.		Stations	Dis. from	Read Down.
P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M
5 [illegible]	11	[illegible]SOVILLA	25.6	9 21	4 [illegible]
5 [illegible]	10 24	5.3 [illegible] Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 [illegible]
5 [illegible]	10 28	8.7 [illegible] Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 [illegible]
5 [illegible]	10 34	10.6 [illegible] Hostler	15.0	8 50	4 40
5 [illegible]	10 46	13.3 [illegible] Marengo	12.3	8 38	4 [illegible]
5 37	10 52	13.5 [illegible] Loreville	12.1	8 37	3 [illegible]
[illegible]	10 58	15.2 Furnace Rd.	10.4	8 31	3 [illegible]
[illegible]	11 07	15.8 [illegible] Dungarvin	9.8	8 27	3 [illegible]
6 [illegible]	11 10	18.2 [illegible] Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 [illegible]
6 24	11 20	20.5 [illegible] Pennington	5.1	8 10	2 [illegible]
6 40	11 42	23.5 [illegible] Stover	2.1	7 [illegible]	2 [illegible]
6 5[illegible]	11 [illegible]	25.6 [illegible] TYRONE	[illegible]	7 50	2 [illegible]

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD. Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.05 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

BELLEFONTE, SID TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. Time table in effect Nov. 24th, 1890.

Eastward				Westward		
a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
[illegible]	2.15		MONTANDON	8.30	5.20	[illegible]
[illegible]	2.25		Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	8.20	5.10	[illegible]
[illegible]	2.30		Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		5.10	[illegible]
6.30	2.45		Biehl		5.0[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	2.40		Vicksburg		[illegible]	[illegible]
6.45	2.50		MIFFLINBURG		[illegible]	[illegible]
6.52	2.57		Barber		5.36	[illegible]
6.58	3.04		Swengle		5.30	[illegible]
7. 0	3.06		Millmont		5.27	[illegible]
7.08	3.14		LAURELTON		5.17	[illegible]
7.19	3.25		Pardee		5.06	[illegible]
7.33	3.38		Cherry Run		4.53	[illegible]
7.43	3.48		Paddy Mt. Tunnel		4.43	[illegible]
7.48	3.54		Ingleby		4.37	[illegible]
7.53	4.00		Coburn		4.30	[illegible]
8. 1	4.08		Zerby		4.23	[illegible]
8.10	4.17		Rising Springs		4.14	[illegible]
8.18	4.25		Penn's Cave		4.05	[illegible]
8.24	4.30		CENTRE HALL		3.58	[illegible]
8.36	4.42		Gregg		3.51	[illegible]
8.37	4.43		Linden Hall		3.50	[illegible]
8.42	4.48		OAK HALL		3.45	[illegible]
8.46	4.52		LEMONT		3.41	[illegible]
8.51	4.57		Dale Summit		3.36	[illegible]
9.00	5.06		Pleasant Gap		3.27	[illegible]
9. 4	5.10		Axemann		3.23	[illegible]
9.10	5.15		BELLEFONTE		3.17	2.40

[illegible] E. PUGH, General Manager
[illegible] ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
[illegible] H. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889 trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.				WESTWARD	
No. 2	No. 4	STATIONS	Dis.	No. 1	No. 3
P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M
6 2[illegible]	9 10	18. Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	0.	6 00	3 50
6 1[illegible]	9 04	17. [illegible] Scotia	1.	6 01	3 [illegible]
6 0[illegible]	8 59	16 [illegible] Morris	2.	6 11	4 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 54	15 [illegible] Whitmer	4.	6 16	[illegible]
5 59	8 51	[illegible] Idaho	[illegible]	6 1[illegible]	[illegible]
5 57	8 48	12.5 [illegible] Hunters	5.5	6 22	[illegible]
5 53	8 44	11. [illegible] Fillmore	6.8	6 26	[illegible]
5 47	8 40	9.5 [illegible] Briarly	8.5	6 32	[illegible]
5 43	8 36	8 [illegible] Waddles	10.	6 36	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 33	[illegible] Matterns	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 [illegible]	[illegible] Spr[illegible]ew	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 19	[illegible] h J Bank	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 39	8 [illegible]	6.9 [illegible] Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	[illegible]
5 24	7 25	2. [illegible] Arnoride	16.	7 03	[illegible]
5 20	7 20	0. LEMONT COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 08	5[illegible]

Trains will stop at stations marked "[illegible]" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west at [illegible] VER and S S Branch.
Train 6 connects with Trains east on B [illegible] and the S [illegible] Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, [illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1890.

	WESTWARD		
ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia daily	11 25	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 30	a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 45	a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 47	a m
"	" Renovo "	8 50	a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 45	p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Phil'a week days	8 50	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	12 15	p m
"	arrives at Williamsport "	3 05	p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10	p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15	p m
"	" Kane "	9 15	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte		5 20	p m
FAST LINE	leaves Philada. week days	11 40	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	2 45	p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 [illegible]	p m
"	" Renovo "	8 [illegible]	p m
NEWS EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	" Harrisburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	" Williamsport	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	arrives at Lock Haven	[illegible]	[illegible]
WILLIAMSPORT EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	4 [illegible]	[illegible]
"	" Harrisburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	arrive Williamsport	[illegible]	[illegible]
	EASTWARD		
DAY EXP.	leaves Lock Haven	7 [illegible]	[illegible]
"	" Jersey Shore	[illegible]	[illegible]
"	" Williamsport	10 [illegible]	[illegible]
"	arrive at Harrisburg	11 [illegible]	[illegible]
"	" Philadelphia	12 [illegible]	[illegible]
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Kane week days	7 15	a m
"	" Renovo	10 55	a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 [illegible]	p m
"	" Williamsport	12 [illegible]	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 [illegible]	p m
"	" Philadelphia	7 55	p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	8 25	p m
"	" Renovo	10 55	p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 [illegible]	p m
"	" Williamsport	12 [illegible]	a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 [illegible]	a m
"	" Philadelphia	7 50	a m
RENOVO ACCN	leaves Renovo	4 [illegible]	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	[illegible]	p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25	p m
WILLIAMSPORT EXP.	leaves Williamsport	7 [illegible]	a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	8 [illegible]	a m
"	" "	7 [illegible]	a m
"	" arrives at Philadelphia	[illegible]	[illegible]

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. R. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with [illegible] on L[illegible] with B P & W [illegible] N Y; at Corry with [illegible] N Y & P R R; and at Hallowell with A V R R.

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C. A. [illegible]

UNWILLING GUESTS.

On a certain August evening the Atlantic, as seen from the shore of a loch on the west coast of Scotland, heaves like a sheet of liquid gold in the sun-rays, changing to emerald in the shadow of the sentinel hills where the waves run up the loch. This is no fresh-water lake, but an arm of the sea, running inland between gray rock, and purple mountain, and fair green braes.

On the right shore of the loch stands an old grange, its stone walls softened and tinted by moss, and lichin, and shining ivy. Behind the house rises the dark forest of firs, and, yet higher, purple moor and distant peak. Within, the grange is cosy and comfortable. The front door opens at once into the living-room. Doors on the right and left of this apartment lead to other rooms, one being the library. Beyond the library, and communicating with it, are several rooms, recently added to the building, and furnished in more modern style than the rest of the house.

In one of these rooms a dark-eyed brown-haired girl is standing by the open window, through which the sunset streams.

"It is a most beautiful place," she says; "and the fact of not being on speaking terms with one's host gives just the excitement that makes it perfect. Why did you not send for me sooner, Aline? To think that you have been enjoying all this for a whole fortnight already!"

"I have not enjoyed it at all," responds her sister, a fair pretty woman, some years older. "You see, I have not been able to get out much. But now that you are here I dare say I shall like it better—though, of course," she adds, "I feel the awkwardness of our position."

"Well, I am dreadful sorry for Henry's broken leg; but you tell me it will soon be as well as ever, and of course I cannot concern myself about it as much as you do—he's not my husband. I do wish you had sent for me at once. Is there nobody here to help you nursing him?"

"I have had plenty of help. There are an old housekeeper, Elspeth, who is always ready to do anything, and a man-servant, who waits upon Henry entirely. Still I have not found our stay particularly agreeable. I did not like to interrupt your Edinburgh visit."

"I wish you had! After I had seen the 'toon,' as everybody called it, I was very dull indeed. Here I shall really enjoy 'Bonnie Scotland.' As for what you term 'the awkwardness,' I enjoy that most of all. Do you really mean to say that you and Henry never see Mr. Munro? What is his Christian name, by-the-way?"

"Archibald."

"Archibald! I—I rather like it. I suppose his friends call him 'Archie'? Do you never see Archie Munro? I can't imagine how you can help doing so if you ever go out. This is a queer house—no hall; one has to pass through his sitting-room."

"Mr. Munro generally goes out shooting, and does not come home till dusk."

"And you take the opportunity of slipping out while he is away? I understand. I shall learn the ways of this establishment in time."

"Of course," pursues Mrs. Thorburn, "I have seen Mr. Munro once or twice."

"But when and how? What is he like? What did he say? What did you say?"

"Really, Sylvia!"—and Mrs. Thorburn laughs. "Well, I saw him after Henry had been brought here. I told you how the accident happened—how Henry slipped down on the mountain-side, and broke his leg!"

Sylvia nods.

"We did not know then that the Grange belonged to Mr. Munro," continues Mrs. Thorburn. "Our guide ran here for help, and the servants carried Henry in, while one of them went for Dr. McKie. Mr. Munro came home about an hour later. I explained the reason of our presence, and he kindly wished us to remain till Henry was well. Now you know all about it, Sylvia."

"No, I don't. I wish to know whether Henry has seen him."

"Mr. Munro proposed that; but Henry thought the interview could not be pleasant to either."

"How unfeeling," cries Sylvia, throwing up her hands in mock despair, "when Henry knew I was coming, and should naturally wish to behold the individual of whose hospitality I was to partake! What a situation! Taking possession of a man's house—at least, of half of it—and never seeing or speaking to him! I declare it is a modern version of 'Beauty and the Beast.' I must positively inspect the beast—I must! Now, Aline, don't look so solemn. You have married a man who cannot see a joke, and you are growing just like him."

"How can you be so absurd, Sylvia? You had better come and talk to Henry a little."

Sylvia obediently follows her sister to the room in which Mr. Thorburn is lying propped up by pillows, and with a pile of newspapers beside him. He is a thin sallow man, with a high forehead and a slow measured manner of speaking.

"Rather a pity to bring you here, Sylvia!" he observes. "I am afraid you will find this dull. Aline did not urge you to come, did she?"

"Oh, no! But I was very sorry indeed to hear of your accident, and supposed you would both be glad of my society. Besides, I thought it so good of the ogre to send me an invitation that I must needs accept it."

Mr. Thorburn looks mystified, and turns to his wife for an explanation.

"Sylvia means that your cousin, hearing I had a sister staying in Edinburgh, wished me to send for her if I liked."

"This place ought to be mine," Mr. Thorburn remarks, after a pause; but his wife speedily introduces a fresh topic of conversation.

After a while, Sylvia returns to the sitting-room. During her absence old Elspeth, cook and housekeeper at the Grange, has placed a lamp on the table; but the window is still wide open and the curtains are undrawn, so that the whole room is distinctly visible to any one passing outside.

Since her parents' death, Sylvia has lived partly with the Thorburns in London, and partly with an aunt in a dull and not very pretty country village.

Scotland's wild beauty enchants her as she looks out on hill and loch. Over the nearest peak a crescent moon is shining; the sky is a deep blue.

There is a sudden barking of dogs, and a dark figure comes down the hill-side and towards the house. It must be Mr. Munro, thinks Sylvia, drawing back into the room, but not before she has noticed that an old collie is slowly coming out of the porch to welcome his master.

As Munro passes the low window, the lamplight shines full upon his tall well knit figure and his fair, pleasant, good-tempered face, bronzed by the sun and air. Seeing Sylvia, he courteously raises his cap, and, calling to his dog, disappears within the porch.

It is evident she must remain in-doors, now, for he will be dining in that queer apartment, both hall and living room, through which she must pass to go out, and of course she cannot disturb him; although certainly he does not look as though he would mind being disturbed.

"We are living in his house and eating the very birds he shoots, and yet we cannot even speak to him!" she says to herself vexedly.

Then, the humor of the situation dawning upon her, she laughs; and presently she resolves, as sitting alone is dull, that she will fetch a book.

The library, into which one door of their sitting-room opens, is divided from the living-room only by heavy curtains; consequently Sylvia hears Elspeth bringing in dinner, and Mr. Munro's inquiries about the household. Apparently he is interested in his guests.

"Oh, ay," responds the old woman, "Mr. Thorburn is getting on finely, for I spiered at Doctor McKie mysel'. Ye needna fash yoursel' aboot him, Munro. I'm thinkin' it is na sae muckle physic he wants as manners."

Evidently Henry Thorburn has not won Elspeth's good opinion. The next question Sylvia cannot hear, but doubtless it refers to herself, for Elspeth says—

"Ay, that would be her! It'll be but lonely for the young leddy—a bonnie lassie too, wi' a glint in her een like the sun on the loch. Gud guide us, Munro, if yon doggie hasna dragged the blackcock off the table!"

Then follows a laugh from Munro; and Sylvia, laughing too, hastily snatches a book from the nearest shelf and retreats to the sitting-room.

* * * * *

The sunshine is streaming brightly into the room the next morning when Sylvia is aroused by a loud barking of dogs beneath her window. Then she hears Munro's voice giving orders to the keepers, and another voice—a stranger's—chiming in. Evidently a friend has come over for a day's shooting. Then come more directions, a general clatter as of moving off, then silence again, if that can be called silence which is filled with the songs of birds, the rush of the waves, the rustle of countless leaves.

Sylvia spends the greater part of the morning down by the loch with Laird the old collie and a book. Here she remains till lunch, after which she devotes the afternoon to amusing Mr. Thorburn, thereby freeing her sister. Then follow dinner and the beautiful alluring twilight. But, as Sylvia remarks to Aline, the ogre bars the way. How can she possibly walk through the hall, or sitting-room, or whatever they call it, when he is eating his dinner there?

"You had better jump out of the window," suggests Mrs. Thorburn, smiling; "it is not very high."

"I would, only I don't see how I am to get back again. That is the difficulty."

So Sylvia must needs content herself with seeing the crimson sunsets and pale moonrisings and twilight glimmer of gray and green from the window. However, in the bright mornings and golden afternoons she can ramble about as she lists over the red-purple heather and through, and through the tangled plumy bracken, now in the fullest glory.

"It is all lovely—most lovely," she says to Mrs. Thorburn one evening; "but, Aline, I shall soon have finished all the books I care to read. What is to become of me? I suppose we cannot here get anything more in the way of literature?"

"I am afraid not."

"Then Elspeth must find my idle hands some work to do"—looking laughingly at the old woman, who is bringing in coffee—"some dusters to hem or table-cloths to darn."

"There'll be nae work o' that sort for ye, Mistress Stanham," says Elspeth, shaking her head and smiling.

"Not? Then I must take to collecting mosses and sticking them on little bits of card. But I never know what to do with them afterwards."

Three days later, as Sylvia is coming in from a stroll by the loch, Elspeth meets her, saying—

"Ye'll find mair reading in yon,"—pointing to the library. "I jest telled Munro what ye said, an he's had them doon fra Glaisgow."

"Oh, I did not mean to be so troublesome!" exclaims Sylvia. Nevertheless she regards the pile of books and magazines on the library-table with delighted eyes.

"Please thank Mr. Munro for me, Elspeth, It is most kind of him!"

The old woman vanishes in her usual swift silent manner, and Sylvia surprises her sister by appearing in their sitting-room with an armful of newly-arrived literature.

"Aline, I was right! This is a fairy castle. One has only to express a wish, and it is at once granted by the amiable monster who owns the establishment. Listen and look!"

Mrs. Thorburn accordingly listens and looks. Then she says gravely—

"It is very tiresome of old Elspeth to repeat our chance remarks!"

"I don't see that it matters. Cannot our friendly ogre afford to humor his guests?"

"Of course he can," replies Mrs. Thorburn. "He is a rich man. He was his parents' only child. I dare say Henry would like to see some of the magazines," she remarks, and takes one or two to the invalid, who receives them graciously.

The next day brings a letter for Sylvia from some friends. After reading it to her sister—

"The Harlands have taken a house—a shooting-lodge, they call it—about eight miles from here, up in the hills. They want me to go over and see them. How am I to get there, Aline?"

"I do not see how you can go at all. You cannot walk sixteen miles—besides you would lose yourself—and there is no carriage here."

"Perhaps our friendly ogre host could summon a magic steed for me?" suggests Sylvia, after a pause of reflection.

"I hardly think you could ask him."

"No? Well, I must write and tell them to fetch me if they wish to behold me."

"They may not have a carriage there either. Better write and say you cannot see them at present."

But Sylvia does not so easily give up the idea of seeing her friends. After breakfast she explores the outbuildings of the Grange, and discovers a strong shaggy pony, also a light spring-cart, and an old-fashioned side-saddle. She does not want the cart, but she does very much want the pony and the side-saddle, and some one to act as guide.

She dares not mention her wish to Elspeth, for what would Aline say? All day she has wild ideas of saddling the pony and setting off by herself. If she thought she could find the way she would certainly do so.

That evening the sunset is lovelier than ever, and Munro's shooting keeps him later than usual.

Sylvia looks at the shining loch and the gathering shadows, and determines she will for once have her evening stroll. She throws a light wrap over her head and shoulders, and goes out.

The western glory yet shines along the sea, and lies on the loch in a rippling radiance; but it is fast fading, and the pale birch-stems begin to look ghostly in the twilight.

Sylvia walks up and down by the water side for a little while, then sits down on a gray boulder under the birches. Laird, the old collie, has followed her, and lies at her feet; but presently he turns his head as if listening, and Sylvia hears footsteps and the barking of dogs. Munro is returning home. The collie looks wistfully at Sylvia, as though expecting her to rise and accompany him. But as she sits still beneath the birches, the animal hesitatingly leaves her; he must greet his master as usual.

The purple and gray shadows around grow darker, a light breeze rustles through the leaves overhead, and softly swings the spreading bracken and graceful harebells. All is dim, phantasmal, and Sylvia starts as a dog's cold nose is thrust into her hand and Munro's voice says, as he lays a plaid over her shoulders—

"Permit me, Miss Stanham! You are too lightly clad for a Scottish night, even in August."

"Thank you. I do not feel cold; but I dare say you are right. How did you know I was here? From Laird?"—patting the collie's head.

"No; from Elspeth. I had the curiosity to ask her where you were, as I had not seen anybody in your sitting-room as I passed. By-the-way, ought I to introduce myself? There is nobody here to do it for me."

"I think I can guess your identity," replies Sylvia, laughing. "Are you our invisible host? We are very grateful to you for sheltering us."

"It is not my fault that I am invisible," he responds earnestly. "Unfortunately, my cousin cannot forget the family law-suit."

"I know. Both Aline and I are so sorry. Perhaps when Henry is better he will be more reasonable. I am always telling him how lucky he is to have broken his leg here."

"I am tolerably sure he does not agree with you, poor fellow!" says Munro, laughing. "It is no joke to be laid up instead of enjoying his holiday. I really sympathize with him. Have you been in this part of Scotland before?"

"I have never been in any part of Scotland till this summer. I am enchanted with it!"

"I wish I could make your stay at the Grange more pleasant, but my enforced invisibility is somewhat of a hindrance to my entertaining powers."

"Oh, I am enjoying my visit immensely! You are most kind! I read your books and do just as I please. What more can anyone desire? Though I confess there is one thing more that I wish for."

"What is it?—eagerly."

"I want to borrow that nice shaggy pony of yours for a day; and there is a side-saddle I should like too. Also I want a guide to take me to Glencrieff. Some friends of ours the Harlands, have taken a shooting-lodge there—I forget to whom it belongs—and have asked me to lunch."

"I know the Harlands slightly. Of course the pony is at your disposal, and old Donald shall go with you. That side-saddle is uncommonly antiquated; it belonged to my aunt, who used to ride about the country when she was past seventy. Do you think you can manage with it? I could get another down from Glasgow by Thursday."

"I am sure it will do very well, thank you. I should like to go over to-morrow morning."

"Very well, Donald shall be ready. You are not going in yet are you?"—in a disappointed tone, for Sylvia has risen.

"My sister will be wanting me. I help her to amuse our invalid."

"If he were not so inexorably resolved upon ignoring our relationship, I should be delighted to help too," says Munro, as they walk towards the Grange. "It is awfully tantalising to sit solitary and know what good company is on the other side of the door!"

"Two doors, you mean," corrects Sylvia gaily—"two solid doors and some green curtains. Thank you very much for this"—taking off the plaid as they pass into the sitting-room.

Then she disappears through the green curtains.

Old Donald and the shaggy pony duly present themselves in the morning, and Sylvia sets off on her ride over the hills.

The Harlands greet her with delight, and ask a thousand questions about the Grange. They are a large family, of five sons and two daughters, Grace and Dolly, tall, fresh-colored, good-looking girls.

"The boys are all out shooting," Dolly explains; "but we have one gentleman at home—father. His gouty foot is not well enough to let him walk comfortably. Can you not stay all night? Send back that man on the pony to tell Mrs. Thorburn so."

But Sylvia does not wish to stay all night. She is fond of the girls, and Mr. and Mrs. Harland are extremely kind; but the odd life at the Grange has rather a fascination for her. Besides—well, it does not matter what other reason she may have, but she will not stay.

"We know Mr. Munro slightly," observes Mrs. Harland. "I am surprised at Mr. Thorburn's prejudice against his cousin. I suppose it is on account of the quarrel his mother and uncle had about the Scotch property."

"I know old Mr. Munro and Henry's mother quarrelled about a law-suit, but I never heard what it was about," says Sylvia.

"It concerned that very property—the Grange and adjacent land," says Mr. Harland. "When Isabella Munro, their aunt died, she left a very ambiguous will. It was hard to tell whether she meant the Grange to go to the Munros or the Thorburns. James Munro offered to divide it; but his sister wanted the whole, and contested the matter, with the result that she lost."

"But old Mrs. Thorburn has been dead a long time,' observed Grace, "and so has Mr. Munro. What is the use of Mr. Thorburn refusing to speak to his cousin Archibald?"

"Mere absurdity!" responds her father.

The shadows are lengthening when Sylvia leaves Glencrieff for "home," as she mentally calls the Grange. Old Donald and the pony have both been well cared for during their few hours' sojourn, and they step out briskly over the uneven path. When they are winding round the shoulder of the last hill, Sylvia sees a gray-clad figure coming towards them from the Grange, and by the time the pony has descended the hill Munro is greeting her.

"How did you find the Harlands?" he asks. "And how do you like Glencrieff?"

"The Harlands are all very well. Mrs. Harland is coming over presently, to see Aline. But I don't think the scenery at Glencrieff equal to that around here; there is no loch."

"You like the loch!" Munro looks gratified.

"I like it all," Sylvia replies.

Then Munro lifts her down at the porch, and she sees no more of her host that evening.

The weather the next day is very "soft," so Sylvia turns to the bright little fire that Elspeth has lit, and settles herself by it with a book. The outlook is so dreary that she is filled with surprise when she sees Munro passing the window, apparently heedless of the weather. Sylvia gets up to look after him as he disappears in the drizzle, his dogs trotting cheerfully behind him.

Luncheon is over. Still the rain continues. By-and-by old Elspeth enters the room with a smile on her wrinkled face and two or three delicate sprays of white heather in her hand.

"This'll be for ye, Mistress Stanham, fra Munro."

"How charming!" cries Sylvia. "I have never seen white heather before. Thank Mr. Munro for me, Elspeth."

The little posy is all cool and wet with the summer rain, and sweet with the fresh odor of the moorland.

"Oh, ay; but I'm thinkin' he'd like better a word fra your ainsel'!"—and Elspeth disappears.

What the old woman says is doubtless true; but how is Sylvia to thank her host personally? She turns the heather over and over, but fails to arrive at any practical solution of the difficulty. Finally she puts it in water, and picks up her book mentally resolving to remonstrate again with Aline respecting Henry Thorburn's behavior towards his cousin.

Presently a watery sunbeam steals in, and Sylvia springs up from her seat and goes to the window. The rain has ceased, the gray mists are lifting and drifting away over loch, and moor, and mountain-peak. Overhead is a wide rift of blue, and from every bush and twig drip bright water-drops, which glitter in the sunshine. She throws open the window, and puts out her head to enjoy the freshness; at the same moment Munro comes out on the porch.

"The rain has cleared off, you see, Miss Stanham." He is standing just beneath the window, looking up and smiling.

"Yes! How delightful everything looks and smells! I like to see the world with a clean face."

"You would see it much better if you came out," he replied. "Suppose we walk up to the Sith Bruth? It is not more than a mile."

"What is the Sith Bruth?"

"A fairies' dwelling. If I show it to you I must have a promise that you will not stay there."

"I don't think I should much enjoy life with the fairies, notwithstanding the examples of True Thomas and Kilmeny. They both returned to Elfland, did they not?"

"Yes, both of them. However, the dwelling is tolerably safe by daylight. I will venture on its exhibition."

Sylvia hesitates. What will Aline and Henry say? Yet why should she not go? It is hardly courteous to refuse when Munro is their host.

"I will come," she says; "wait a moment!"—flying up-stairs to dress.

"Now tell me a charm to keep me safe from any fairy spell," she says gaily to Munro, as they climb the mountain path, the dogs frisking wildly round them.

"A rowan-twig is supposed to be efficacious," he replies, and breaks off one as he speaks.

"Thank you. I have not yet expressed my gratitude for the white heather. How pretty it is!"

"I am glad you like it. There is a spot between here and Glencrieff, where a little of it can generally be found. I gathered it on my way back."

Glencrieff! Did he then go to see the Harlands in all that rain? Sylvia is conscious that she does not feel pleased; and yet, says to herself, what concern is it of hers?

"Were the Harlands at home?" she asks.

"Oh, yes! They were all in-doors, grumbling at the weather, and sent a thousand messages to you. They hope to see you again before long. Donald and the pony are always at your disposal, you know. By-the-by, McKie was there too. He admires Grace Harland immensely!"

"Grace! Does he! I did not know Dr. McKie knew the Harlands. Both Aline and I like him very much; but we seldom get a chance of speaking to him. You have no idea how Henry absorbs everybody!"

"McKie tells me my cousin is not the most patient of patients."

"Patient!" Sylvia throws up her hands expressively, and they both laugh.

"But where is this elfin dwelling?" she asks suddenly.

"Here close by. We have just reached it."

"This!"—looking curiously at a gray rocky mound that rises out of a sea of bracken and heather.

"Up to sunset there is little fear of elfin charm," says Munro; "but after that hour the neighborhood of the mound is dangerous, because then the elves have power till dawn."

"I like those old superstitions. Do you think anything unpleasant would happen to me if I gathered some of that fern for Aline?"—pointing to a light feathery tuft growing near the rocky summit.

"I'll get it for you, and take the risk myself."

While Munro scrambles up after the fern, Sylvia turns and looks back westward at the wonderful glory of daffodil light, the distant Atlantic, the nearer loch, the purple hills, and below them the gray old Grange, with straggling outbuildings and its protecting little wood.

"How beautiful!" Sylvia exclaims.

"Doesn't it look homelike and comfortable?" says Munro, looking at the Grange. "I like it better than my Glasgow home."

"Have you a home in Glasgow?"

"Yes, the house we always lived in—during father and mother's lifetime, I mean. Now that I am solitary I spend as much time as I can at the Grange. The other house seems to need a woman to preside over it; this is more of a bachelor's den."

They retrace their steps down the narrow fern-bordered path, Munro telling Sylvia of his boyhood days, and hearing in return of Sylvia's life with the Thorburns and with her aunt in the dull country village. They reach home as the sunset is dying; and Aline forgets to question her sister about the walk, for Dr. McKie has said that Mr. Thorburn will be well enough in a fortnight to travel south.

"In a fortnight," echoes Sylvia in dismay, "and here is September just come! I've always heard that autumn in Scotland is perfectly delightful; I really cannot go in a fortnight, Aline! Henry must try to endure the Grange a little longer."

There is not the slightest probability that Henry Thorburn will remain at the Grange even a day longer than he is obliged to do; but somehow Sylvia sees a great deal of their host during that fortnight.

One day Mrs. Harland and the two girls drive over from Glencrieff. It is early in the afternoon, and Munro has not yet come home. Grace and Dolly are delighted with the Grange, and rush about from room to room while their mother is talking to Mrs. Thorburn.

"Mr. Munro has been to see us several times lately," says Grace.

"So has Dr. McKie," adds Dolly. "Ah, Sylvia, there will be some news for you presently! Now I must examine that queer hall or sitting-room, whichever it is. I never saw such a place." And, heedless of Sylvia's remonstrance, Dolly slips through the library curtains.

Grace and Sylvia follow slowly, and at this moment the outer door opens and Munro appears.

"I'm delighted to see you!" he exclaims, shaking hands with the girls. "I suppose I must not imagine this visit is to me, though I should like to do so."

"Oh, no—it is mother's visit to Mrs. Thorburn!" replies Dollie. "They have a great deal to say to each other, so Grace and I have been inspecting the Grange."

"I hope you approve of it," he responds. "Elspeth shall bring us all some tea,"—ringing the bell.

The old woman appears with a dainty tray, and is setting it down when Dr. McKie knocks at the door and enters without ceremony.

"Just in time, McKie!" says Munro. "Find a seat somewhere."

McKie discovers a chair by Grace Harland, and talks to her under cover of the others' chatter. Presently he turns to Sylvia.

"How is your brother-in-law to-day, Miss Stanham?"

"You will find him in good-humor, Dr. McKie, for, in spite of all my sister can say, he means to go to-morrow."

Munro looks at Sylvia in amazement.

"But you are not going, are you?"

"Of course I am," she answers, laughing, though in truth she does not feel at all cheerful at the prospect of this sudden departure.

"But"—perplexedly—"I understood my cousin was not leaving for several days."

"So did I. Henry only decided this morning."

"Will you drive back and dine with us, Mr. Munro?" says Mrs. Harland. "Mr. Harland rather wants your opinion about that deer-forest he talked of the other day. I believe you said you might perhaps come over this evening."

The last evening! Sylvia feels angry and disappointed, then is vexed with herself for having any feeling about the matter. But when they have all driven away, including Dr. McKie, Sylvia's depression returns tenfold. It is increased too by Henry Thorburn's air of exceeding satisfaction during dinner. He is well enough now to join them in the sitting-room, and, glancing round the pretty room, every few minutes he expresses his pleasure at the thought of "never seeing this again."

make a long tail (tale) short. A man, after he has eaten a good dinner, may feel extravagantly joyous; but the next day—oh! but he is surly and grim, his stomach and liver are sluggish, he is morose, despondent and "out of sorts" generally. But he may get a prompt return for his money by purchasing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

There's nothing like them. They are tiny Liver Pills, sugar-coated, but thorough in results. One Pellet is laxative, three to four cathartic.

For Indigestion, Biliousness, and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, they work like a charm, and you get a lasting benefit and a permanent cure.

They're the cheapest Pill, because *safe* and *sure*, while the manufacturers *guarantee* they'll give satisfaction, or your money is returned!

You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

What's the use! suffering any more from those dizzy spells, the headaches and all; make the attack yourself, with one or two of these little, Sugar-coated Pellets, and they will do the rest. They are a perfect vest-pocket remedy. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. By druggists. 25 cents a vial.

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

Nearly every pattern of 5/A *Horse Blanket* is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it *hasn't the warp threads*, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that 5/A *Horse Blankets* are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the 5/A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

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WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Distress After Eating

Sick Headache

Heartburn

Sour Stomach

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES but now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23–25–26–28–35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE.

M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, JUNE 24, 1891.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$1 00
Mixed wheat, per bushel	95
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	80
Rye per bushel	00
Corn (shelled)	70
Corn (ears)	70
Oats	50
Barley	60
Cloverseed, fair to good	4 00
do prime and extra prime	4 40
do choice	4 80
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 60
Flour, wholesale	5 00
Hay choice mixed, per ton	9 00
" prime timothy " "	9 50
" choice " "	10 00

Provision Markets

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	15
Green apples, per bushel	3 00
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10–12½
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	10
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½–14
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	18
Potatoes per bushel	1 25
New Potatoes, per bushel	2 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	20
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	26– 2–15
Canned Corn, per can	1–12½–15
Lemons, per dozen	40
Extra Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	1 00
Keller Vinegar, per quart	1 40

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.") at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. 380-1y.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

I. M. HARVEY, Dairyman.

Best of Milk furnished. Delivered at your door early and regularly every morning in Bellefonte. *Milk from one cow furnished for Infants.* Popular prices. Patronage solicited Any call will receive prompt attention by

I. M. HARVEY, Milesburg, Pa

32-1y

One Hundred Degrees.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The warm wave, predicted several days ago, materialized on time and continued to be very much with us yesterday and to-day. Seaside resorts and out-of-town cool spots did a land office business. It is expected that the thermometer will remain generally on the bull side of the weather market at least until Thursday next. The average temperature yesterday was 80°, something over 8° higher than the normal temperature for August in previous years. The highest point reached to-day was 80° and the range about 78°. The atmosphere is intensely humid and not a breath of air fans the perspiring residents.

At St. Louis it was excessively warm, but the heat was somewhat mitigated by an occasional cool breeze. The mercury reached the highest point of the season, marking 92° in the shade at 3 p. m. A number of prostrations caused by the heat were reported, but no fatalities. At 10 o'clock the thermometer registered 90°.

At Chicago it was the hottest day of the season, the temperature reaching an altitude of 100° at various points at midday. There was a brisk breeze, but it seemed to come from a furnace. A number of sunstrokes are reported, two of which were fatal. By 4 o'clock p. m. a violent electrical storm had the effect of slightly cooling the atmosphere.

At Cincinnati the day was the hottest this year. The temperature during the hottest part of the day ranged from 93° to 95° and the mean temperature was about 82°.

The hot spell of the past three or four days at Kansas City culminated when the Signal Service thermometer registered at 3 p. m. 95°. Ordinary thermometers reached the 98° mark, while on the shady sides of downtown streets 100° was the record. Late in the afternoon a northeast wind brought refreshing coolness.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

160 Lives Imperiled.

NEW YORK, August 9.—The steamship Cochemere arrived in this port last Friday evening with 190 Italian steerage passengers on board. It was learned to-day for the first time that for ten or eleven days of the Cochemer's voyage the vessel and all on board of her were in immediate and constant danger of the gravest character. When the steamer was but one day out from Marseilles it was reported to the captain that the soft coal in the bunkers was on fire. He at once gave orders that the strictest secrecy should be observed as if the news spread among the passengers it would be impossible to avert a panic. Immediate steps were taken to quench the fire but it had already gained a serious headway. The pumps were put to work and heavy streams of water were poured upon the piles of coal and upon the deck above it. This was kept up day and night for ten days and not till the end of that time was the fire entirely extinguished. The captain and crew were on almost continuous duty during that time and were completely worn out. During the whole time none of the passengers had any suspicion of the danger in which they stood, nor did they learn of it until the port had been reached.

THE GRANGERS' 18th Annual Interstate Picnic Exhibition under the sanction of the National and State Granges of the United States, will open at Williams' Grove, Cumberland county, Pa., on Monday, August 14th, and continue six days. Five thousand people will encamp on the grounds. Twenty-five acres of ground will be covered with exhibits. The P. R. R. and all its branches will sell low rate excursion tickets during the entire week. Round trip tickets good for eight days from—Bellefonte Via L. & T. Branch, $4.21 For full information, address. R. H. Thomas, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Brutal Attack By Hungarians.

Phillipsburg, Pa., August 7.—James McGonigal, superintendent of Wighton & Co,'s near Madera, while driving along the public road in a buggy, accompanied by his wife, was assailed by three Hungarians. One of them struck him on the head with a rock, knocking him insensible. As they were about to do him further violence Aaron Shoff and his son, hearing the screams of Mrs McGonigal appear on the scene. The men have not yet been captured.

McGonigal was unarmed. He is unable to give any cause for the attack on him.

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

A Great Deal to be Thankful For.

Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is told; While presiding over a certain conference in the west a member began a tirade against universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the bishop interrupted with the question:

"Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes,'I was the answer, "you can put it that way if you want to.'!

"Well", all I have to say," said the bishop, in his sweetest musical tone, "all I have to say is that the brother has a good deal to thank God for."—

TAKE NO CHANCE

During the present heated term, surrounded by impure water and subject at any moment to epidemics, why risk your health, your happiness and probably your life, when a simple, pleasant and most affective preventative to human affliction is at your command. Physicians everywhere, and nurses will promptly assure you of the advantage of good pure liquor, such as Klein's "Silver Age" or "Duquesne" pure ryes. Goods that are without a compeer in the market, and the boast and admiration of everyone testing them. Ask your druggist or dealer for them The "Silver Age" sells for $1.50 per full quart, and "Duquesne" for $1.25. If they do not keep it, send to the reliable wholesale liquor house of Max Klein, 82 Federal Street, Allegheny. You will find pure Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt and Gibson Ryes, either at $1.00 per quart or six bottles for $5.00.

A complete catalogue and price list will be mailed on application.

A Human Incubator.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—On Friday night a woman who said she was Lizzie Goldberg, entered the Gonverneur Hospital. She said she came to America two months ago with her husband, Israel, a tailor. He has not been able to find employment, and so the little money they had grew less and less until starvation stared them in the face. The young wife, who is 23 years of age, was obliged to work very hard among the neighbors until her weakened constitution was overtaxed. Without home, friends or money her husband sent her to the hospital.

The woman was taken in and at 2 o'clock this morning she gave premature birth to a boy and a girl. The infants' chances of living were very few, but Dr. Donahue set to work to save them. He took two small tin bathtubs, one larger than the other, and partly filling the larger one with warm water, placed it on a table in a quiet fourth story room of the hospital. It was so arranged that an alcohol lamp could be placed beneath it to keep the water at the proper temperature.

The smaller tub was then padded softly with cotton and the two infants placed in it side by side, wrapped in cloths and bandages to keep them warm. The smaller tub was placed within the larger so that it was surrounded by the warm water, and the doctor's human incubator, as he calls it, was finished.

The twins were getting along nicely today and Dr. Donahue thought they would pull through. The mother was also out of danger. How Israel will feed these children when they are fully hatched is a question for him to ponder.

Children are just as liable to suffer from catarrh as grown people. The best and easiest applisd remedy is Old Saul's Catarrh Cure.

The best reform in domestic life is without doubt the introduction of Dr. Bull's baby Syrup. Now no more laudanum need be given to babies.

Murdered by a Colored Woman.

Philadelphia, August, 9.—During an altercation, early this morning, between a white man known as Erank Heitzelberger and Ida Howard, a colored woman, the latter stabbed Heitzelberger in the breast, producing a wound from which he bled to death in twenty minutes. The woman was arrested. About half-past 4 o'clock this morning the Howard woman and two colored men were sitting on a step on Lisbon street, a small thoroughfare in the heart of the slums, playing craps, Heitzelberger and two brothers named Morrison came up street and stopped and watched the progress of the game. The woman resented this some words passed between her and the three men. Finally Heitzelberger and his companions walked away stopping at the corner of the street to talk with some people. While standing there the Howard woman ran up and struck Heitzelberger on the head two or three times and then stabbed him in the breast.

Nervous Indigestion.

The prime cause of most of the nervous disorders and ailments with which humanity is afflicted may be traced to indigestion. The irritable man, the unhappy woman, the fretful child, contrive to make all around them miserable. They dose themselves for nervousness, and perhaps find temporary relief, only to grow more nervous when the inevitable reaction comes. It is in such cases that S. S. S. gives almost immediate relief. It builds up the entire system, purifies the blood, gives tone to the digestive organs, restores the functions of the stomach, gives activity to the liver, and puts all the nerves in tune with health and good humor. It is nature's great remedy, and never fails to give relief.

The Tramp Played Pool.

A tramp strolled into a Texas billiard saloon and solicited alms. He was indeed a pitiable object.

"I haven't had anything to eat for a week," he said plaintively.

The gentlemen who were playing pool felt sorry for the man and raised a dollar and a half for him. Jingling the money in his hands, he said:

"I believe I'll come into this pool, if the gentlemen have no objections."

The generous contributors were somewhat surprised, but not so much so as they were when he, having utilized their subsidy to come into the game, got away with the pot, and invited the crowd to step up to the bar and irrigate at his expense.—*Texas Siftings.*

Horribly Mangled.

NEWTON HAMILTON, August 11.—At about 11 o'clock last night the badly mutilated body of a man was discovered on the railroad here. It was subsequently ascertained that the remains were those of Michael Drout, of Plymouth, Pa., and that he was aged about 30 years. The head was completely severed from the body, and both legs and arms were cut off. The remains were gathered up and placed on a stretcher under the direction of W. S. Cramer, local train master of Mifflin, but who is now stationed at this place during campmeeting, and placed in the toolhouse until this morning, when Justice of the Peace J. D. Miller held an inquest at which, from the evidence given, it was thought probable that Drout had fallen from extra freight No. 778, going east on No. 2. track, and a verdict of accidental death was rendered.

It was learned that Drout has been last employed by the Chicago Machine company, and an account of a reduction in the force he had been discharged. It is supposed that he was working his way to Plymouth on freight. On his person were found an excellent recommendation from the firm for which he had last worked, and two letters and a telegram for Lizzie Ayers, of Plymouth. This lady was notified of the death of Drout by telegram, the telegram stating that the body would be sent to Lewistown on seashore express, and some time after the body had beed shipped a message was received stating that a brother of the deceased would come to Lewistown for the remains.

Good Looks

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disorded you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at C. M. Parrish's.

"Was it Suicide?"

Why marriage is sometimes a failure is an interesting and important question to all; and everyone, married or single, should read the absorbing story with the above title, by the poet-novelist Ella Wheeler Wilcox, written in that popular author's most forcible style, which is published in the September number of that always bright periodical *Demorest's Family Magazine*. It contains, besides, an abundance of other good reading matter, just the sort that one enjoys at this season. There is a splendid article, fully illustrated, about "Brazil;" "A Poet at Home" tells about Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her lovely home, and with it are pictures of "the poet's corner" and portraits of her in some of her noted gowns; whether you ever enjoyed that rare sport moose-hunting or not, you will be interested in "A Stray Shot at a Moose," written by the fortunate amateur sportsman who brought down his game at the first shot, which is also finely illustrated; "A Seven Days' Tramp and What it Cost" describes a "tramp" made by eight girls *and* a chaperon, and the chaperon tells the story; then there are stories and poems, and the various departments are replete with useful and amusing matter, and there are nearly 200 illustrations, besides a beautiful water-color, "Play ball, Pa!" which appeals to every admirer and devotee of base ball. And this is only a fair sample of what one gets monthly in this ideal Family Magazine, which is published for $2 a year, by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York City.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parents of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathizes. One of the prominent symptons of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act and invariable injure the tone of the stomach. The bitters on the contrary, restore activity to the operation of that all important organ and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise give to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

A New Lease of Life.

The aged and weak have declared after using Speer's Port Wines that they felt as though they had a new lease of life by having their systems renovated by this pure strengthening wine made by Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. The iron in the soil in which the vine grows gives the blood making qualities to the wine. For sale by druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"There are millions in it" said a druggist when asked about Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts.

For some time past I've been a rheumatic. I recently tried Salvation Oil which gave me almost instant relief. I sincerely recommend it as it has entirely cured me. JAMES GORDON, Balto, Md.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the Stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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From Rev James M Potts, D D, editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, Detroit Michigan To say that we are delighted with the piano, does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearnce and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred.

From Mrs A G Silverheels, Corydon, Warren county, Pa.: We are well pleased with the organ. Good tone and found to be as represented. jy23 1y

PASTOR KOENIGS NERVE TONIC

Sleeplessness Cured. IV

ST. CLEVERY, Kosciusko Co., Ind., Pa.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANCK, Pastor.

OLDTOWN, Md., September, 1890.

One of the parties to whom I gave some of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has to-day told me that he had suffered from great dizziness and pain through his whole body. After using one bottle he was entirely cured.

JOHN H. GARNER, Merchant.

My wife suffered for a number of years from violent nervousness and spent hundreds of dollars for doctors and medicine, but all to no avail. After using two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic her trouble has ceased.

JOHN FULLMER.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of sundry writes of Fieri Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Centre county, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Saturday, August 22nd, 1891, at 1 o'clock p. m. The following real estate to wit:

The following situated in the borough of Bellefonte. Beginning at a corner on High street and B. E. V. R. R. running along High street west about 110 feet to S. A. McQuiston's land thence north along McQuiston line about 140 feet to a post thence east along line of land of Irvin & McCafferty, about 110 feet to B. E. V. R. R. lands thence south 150 feet along R. R. to place of begin. Having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and Boiler and Machine shops. The defendant's interest therein being an undivided one half interest in and to said premeses.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Charles McCafferty,

No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid or arranged for in full.

Sheriff's Office, July 22, 1891. W. A. ISHLER Sheriff.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Stop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte, Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED. Telephone connection. ap15-1y

ESTRAY.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, in College township, on or about the first of June, a white brood sow, supposed to be about two years old. No ear marks. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take the same away or it will be disposed of according to law

HIRAM THOMPSON, jy 23—13 State College, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE!

I will offer at public sale on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 22nd, 1891 on my store platform at Snow Shoe, all my

STORE PROPERTY,

which consists of the store building 87 feet deep and three stories high in front and 50 ft. and three stories in rear with Butcher shop and Ice House. One Blacksmith shop 20x30 two stories, one three story barn 30x30 30 ft. Railroad siding, with 600 ft. railroad iron, 56 lbs to the yard, and all the grounds belonging to the property under deed made by the B & S. S. R. R. Co. to Geo. R. Boak. Indenture dated Feb. 9th, 189, excepting one piece of land 55x70 sold to John G. Uzzle, May 14th, 1885 on which is erected a livery stable.

There will be sold at the same time, though separate and distinct from the above, all the appliances necessary for the equipment of a strictly first class blacksmith and wood working shop, together with a complete set of tools of every kind.

TERMS—One-fourth cash and balance to suit the purchaser, with interest and security. Possession given on October 1st, 1891.

C. BOAK, Snow Shoe

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BLACKBERRY CORDIAL SPEEDY RELIEF LUNG TONIC.

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Good Blood, Good Health.

The Blood Searcher is the safest Purifier ever known. Best Tonic. Cures Boils, Pimples, Tetter, Ulcers, Black Heads, and all bad Blood. Sold by Druggists.

The Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TALMAGE'S NEW BOOK 400 Wonderful Pictures. Sales Immense. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory. Big pay. 30 Days Credit. No Capital Needed. Also send 9 Agents' Addresses and receive FREE To YOU, Talmage's favorite Picture of Christ, in Oil Colors. Address, HISTORICAL PUB. CO. Phila, Pa.

HEISKELL'S OINTMENT JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. HEISKELL'S OINTMENT FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO PHILADELPHIA

TO CURE SKIN DISEASE OF ANY FORM USE HEISKELL'S OINTMENT

It has proved infallible in every case, from simple Pimples to obstinate Eczema; also Itching Piles. 50 CTS. per box.

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A FINE PIECE CHEWING TOBACCO IS INDEED A LUXURY FINZER'S Old Honesty COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT AND IS KNOWN AS A Standard Brand AMONG DEALERS THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE. JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

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Save Yourself Money.—When you go to Pittsburg, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class Hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodgings, 25,—35, or 50 cents. a16-1y

FATAL ACCIDEN .

B. F. WEISER THROWN FROM A HAND CAR AND KILLED NEAR COBURN.

On Tuesday, about noon, an accident occurred on the railroad, near Coburn, in which one was so badly injured that death relieved him of his suffering in a short time after. John Gray, the section boss, with his crew of men started from the E. C. Finkle crossing on a hand car and had only gone a short distance when by some accident or slipping of the cogs of the car, the crank caught B. F. Weiser, one of the crew and hurled him from the car to the track. He struck the ties with his head and rolled from the track down a high embankment over the rocks.

The car was quickly stopped and the balance of the crew ran to the assistance of their comrade. When he was picked up he was unconscious, but regained consciousness in a few minutes. He was placed upon the car and taken to Coburn to his home, and medical assistance summoned, but he only lived a short time after the arrival home, death relieved him of his sufferings.

Mr. Weiser was married and the father of several children. Several years ago he was a citizen of Centre Hall and followed the blacksmith trade, on Church street, but afterwards removed to Millheim and secured employment on the railroad.—*Reporter.*

Penn Cave Camp meeting.

The Centre Hall and Spring Mills charges of the Evangelical Association will join in holding a camp meeting at Penn Cave, commencing Aug. the 20th, and continuing until the 27th. The Presiding Elder of the district, Rev. J. Hartzler, of Lewisburg, Pa. will have control af the religious exercises, and will be assisted by a number of prominent ministers. Every tent holder should provide themselves with a Bible, an Evangelical Hymnal and Geepel Hymns, No's, 1. 2. 3. 4. and No. 5. Let all go with the purpose of drawing nearer to the blessed Master, and to work for the conversion of sinners.

Tents can be rented for $2.00, or with floor and bunk $2.50. Good boarding can be procured at reasonable figures at the Penn Cave House, one fourth mile from the ground. For prices apply to Long Bro's. Farmers Mills. The R. R. company have arranged to sell excursion tickets for this camp to Rising Springs, between Montandon, Bellefonte, and intermediate points, from Aug- 19th, to 27th inclusive, good to the 28th. They will also carry camp equipage free of charge. For tents and further information, apply to Rev. S. E. Davis, Centre Hall.

Survivors of the 125th.

It is usually difficult to ascertain how many members of any regiment that served during the war are living. Most regiments were composed of companies from different parts of the state and the survivors are now scattered far and wide.

There is not quite so much difficulty in obtaining data as to the members of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifty Pennsylvania volunteers who are still alive. Six of the companies in this regiment were from Blair county and the other four from Huntingdon, and the mass of the survivors still live in those counties, although there are many in other parts of Pennsylvania and some in every state between this and the Rocky mountains.

The historian of the regiment, Milton S. Lytle, of Huntingdon, has been making an effort to obtain the names and residence of the surviving members of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. He has been quite successful, having added to his list a large number of names that have been sent to him from all parts of the country. He finds that about 400 members are living. It contained 1,000 men when it entered the service in 1862; so that three out of every five have been mustered out by the hand of death.

Treed by a Bear.

Word reached this city yesterday of the thrilling adventure three men from Eagleville had with bears in the woods at the headwaters of Beech Creek. The men were Irvin and D. B. Kunes and W. W. Clark, who had gone into the woods to look up stray cattle belonging to them. The first bear they encountered was a large one, supposed to weigh 500 pounds. Mr. D. B. Kunes had taken a big dog with him and after considerable urging the dog attacked the bear. Bruin ran for a short distance and then reversed the order of things by turning on the dog. The dog ran back to where the men were with the bear closely following. One of the men climbed a tree, and the others by dodging behind trees succeeded in evading the attacks of the infuriated animal until the dog again put it to flight.

The Firem n's Tournament.

The twelfth annual convention of the Firemen's association of Pennsylvania will be held at Lock Haven, September 12 to 28 next; The fourth day will be celebrated as "Great Tournament Day." when the sum of 500 will be distributed in cash prizes as follows: Steamer contest, first prize, $100; second, $50. Horses races, first, $50; second, $2. Hook and ladder races, first $25; second, 15. Hub races, $50; second, $16. Drill prize, first $50, second, $25,. Largest uniformed company in line, prize $25. The contests will be open to all companies in the state except home companies. All companies intending to compete in any of the races must notify the chairman of the tournament committee, Mr. John W. Zindel before midnight of septemer 10. The executive committee embraces of three hose companies.

Blew The Ropes Into Sails.

A party of yachtsmen were becalmed out on Lake Ontario last Sunday afternoon, says the Rochester *Democrat*, and while waiting for a breeze the time was occupied in spinning yarns.

There were two or three old salts on board and they did all the spinning, while the younger and less experienced tars sat and smoked and listened. Finally one of the old salts took his pipe from between his teeth long enough to draw breath and said:

"You feillows give me a pain talking about big storms. Why, I was out in a storm in the Summer of '69 that was so much bigger than any that you have ever seen that they are like cat's paws compared to it."

Then he stopped and began industriously to draw upon his pipe again.

"Tell us about it," said the young fellows in chorus.

"It was in the month of July in the year 1869, and I was out on the lake in a yacht of mine," he said, after pausing long enough to fill his pipe afresh and light it, "and the wind began to get pretty fresh. I paid but little attention to it, but it kept blowing freeher and fresher, and one of my crew asked if we had not better shorten sail.

"I thought that there was no danger and said that there was time enough. All of a sudden the wind began to blow harder than I ever saw it in this latitude, and we all began to get badly scared. I gave orders to take in sail, but before the men could lay hand on a rope a big puff came and away went the sails into ribbons.

There we were, out in the middle of the lake with no sails, and the situation began to look desperate. How we were going to get in I did not know, but the very storm itself furnished us a way and we rode safely to shore."

Here he stopped and began to smoke.

"How did you get in? asked the youngest sailor of the lot.

"Why," said the old salt, "the wind blew so hard that it blew the ropes out flat and they served for sails."

Ten Instantly Killed.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., August, 6.—A dreadful accident occurred on the West Shore railroad early this morning. About 2 o'clock a freight train, going west, broke in two between Port Byron and Montezuma, and fast train No. 3, the St. Louis limited, which left New York at 5 o'clock last evening, dashed into the rear. When the freight train broke in two a brakemen went back to warn the passenger train, but the fog was so thick that he was not seen, and the limited crashed into the freight cars at full speed. Fire added to the horror of the situation, for shortly after the collision the sleeping cars took fire and were burned. It is supposed that all or nearly all, the occupants of the sleepers were rescued.

The exact number of victims cannot be given at present, owing to the confusion and destruction of cars by fire. It is known however, that twelve persons were killed. The fireman of the passenger train was instantly killed when the collision occurred. Ten Italians en rout to Niagra Falls, in the smoking car, were killed, and thirty or forty others in the same car were injured. Among the injured was a member of an opera company, who died on the way here.

The scene of the accident is four miles from Fort Byron and two from Montezuma station. The trainmen say that more killed are in the wreck. Dense fog prevailed over the Montezuma marshes and enveloped the train and tracks. Physicians and other aid were sent from Syracuse, Auburn, Montezuma and Port Byron. The scene at the wreck is described as terrible. At nine o'clock a wrecking train brought the wounded here and the ambulance, police patrol wagons and hacks made a mournful procession through the crowded streets to the hospital.

—Aaron Williams received a letter from George Wilson, who is looking after his farm in Colorado, informing him that there were 80 acres of wheat and 25 acres of corn on Williams' place destroyed by a hail storm on the 16th of July. Mr. Wilson says the wheat would have yielded at least 2000 bushels. Wilson says he had on his own farm about 2000 bushels of wheat and about 1000 bushels of barley destroyed. The storm cut a swath through the country about 5 miles wide and 15 or 20 miles in length. One farmer who lost 300 acres of wheat, estimates that within 10 miles of Fort Collins, there were at least $250.000 worth of wheat destroyed. Mr. George Wilson above mentioned is a son of W. L. Wilson, of Half Moon township, Centre county, Pa.

Religious Convention.

The State convention of the Christian Endeavor societies is to be held in Williamsport this fall and will be a big affair. Philadelphia alone send between five and six hundred delegates. At the national convention in Minneapolis in July the delegates numbered 15,000, constituting the largest religious convention ever held in the world. Between 1500 and 200 delegates are expected in Williamsport as a State affair.

—This does not seem to be very auspicious weather for picnics. Thus far it has not been possible for one Sunday school in Bellefonte to take their annual outing: and more than that, there is no telling how soon they can.

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We Alone own
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ALL Diseases of the
Nose, Throat, Lungs,
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Piles, Fistula, Ulcers,
Tumors, Cancers, Tetter,
Eczema, Rheumatism,
Scrofula, Catarrh,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Consumption,
Epilepsy, Fits,
Dizziness,
Neuralgia,
Kidney Complaint,
Female Complaints,
Nervousness,
Debility,
Lost Manhood,
Impotency,
Blood Poisons,
Syphilis,
Gonorrhœa,
Gleet,
Stricture,
Varicocele,
Hydrocele,
Pimples,
Blotches,
Boils,
Carbuncles,
Scald Head,
Sore Eyes,
Cancer,
Tapeworm,
Worms,
Dyspepsia,
Constipation,
Piles,
Fistula,
Fever Sores,
Ulcers,
Goitre,
Rupture,
Spinal Diseases,
Paralysis,
Locomotor Ataxia,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Backache,
Kidney Troubles,
Bladder Troubles,
Female Weakness,
Prolapsus,
Leucorrhœa,
Painful Menstruation,
Ovarian Tumors,
Uterine Troubles,
Displacements,
Sterility,
Impotency,
Nervousness,
Debility,
Lost Manhood

ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

Nobility.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good; not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth.
There is nothing as kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

S. H.

—Don't put a standpipe on reservoir hill but put it on Curtin street.

—A new boarder has come to the home of John H. Bryan. It is a girl and came to stay. Mr. and Mrs. B. are both very happy.

—Prof. Edward Cromes, a slight of hand performer, passed through Bellefonte this morning on his way to Unionville where he will give an exhibition this evening. Mr. Cromes was in Jacksonville, Hublersburg and Zion and in each place gave an exhibition to a crowded house.

—The Bellefonte ball club went to Millheim on Friday and defeated the Millheim club by a score of 12 to 4. It was a nice game and the only sorrowful feature of the day was the way the *Owl* reporter looked when he paid over the 50 cents he lost by betting on the game.

—That was quite a swell hop given in Tyrone on Friday night. The Stopper & Fisk orchestra, of Williamsport, was present to furnish the music. The refreshments were served by Miss Mary Korb. About one hundred and seventy-five guests were present. A number of Bellefonters went up among whom were Mr. and Mrs. John Lane and Mr. Charles F. Richards.

—A correspondent of the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin*, writing from Watsontown says: It is stated upon good authority that the engineers will be put upon the prospective line of the Central Pennsylvania Railroad between this place and Bellefonte in a few days, and that construction will soon follow, and be carried on the balance of the season. This road, when built, will make a valuable connection between two important points in the State, and if the road is merged with the Wilkesbarre and Western, having connection with the Reading, the Pennsylvania, the Delaware, Lackawana and Western must prove a most important addition to that part of the country through which it passes.

Another Proposed Railroad.

The Hollidaysburg correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* of Thursday says: Our town was visited yesterday by a party of gentlemen representing the Pennsylvania and West Virginia railroad company. This company is contemplating a proposed route from west of Bedford to Brooks' mills, in this county, and is also seeking an outlet for certain coal and ore interests centred west of Bedford and Virginia. The party was conveyed in coaches to Brooks' mills, going over the line of the road, and from thence they drove to Bedford. It is strongly intimated that the same company of capitalists has purchased the rolling mill lately the property of the Hollidaysburg and Gap works, and will run and operate the same. Mr. Chas. H. Smith is spoken of as the probable manager of the works, and his well known probity of character and sound business qualifications will commend the enterprise to public confidence. There is more below than above the tapestry. We can now only conjecture, but the signs point towards brighter and more prosperous days for this good old town of Adam Helliday.

Bellefonte Academy.

The eighty-fifth year of this institution will commence on Wednesday, the ninth of September, under most favorably auspices.

The building have been thoroughly remodeled, the school rooms are nicely papered, well lighted, well ventilated, provided with new furniture and comfortably heated.

INSTRUCTORS.

REV. J. P. HUGHES, principal, will have charge of the young men and boys in the main school room, teaching Natural Science Mathematics and Book-Keeping.

MISS JULIA L. REED, so favorable known among us, will take charge of the young ladies in the South wing teaching Geography, History, Grammar, Rhetoric and Literature.

MR. JAMES R. HUGHES, will control the classical room, teaching French, German, Latin and Greek.

MISS ANNA C. VALENTINE, a lady of culture, and of seven years successful experience in teaching children, will have the care of the primary room, in the north wing. She will give instruction in Elementary English and Mathematics.

MISS EMMA S. HUGHES will teach Instrumental music, and class singing and conduct the calisthenic drills in the Calisthenic Hall, on the second floor of the north wing.

Members of the instrumental class which will be limited may have the advantage of the drills in class singing and calisthenic exercises whether they are pupils in the other school departments or not. Inducements are offered those who wish to pursue special or advance studies in literature science or modern languages. Pupils residing out of town can secure student's tickets at reduced rates on all railroad running into Bellefonte, and the recitations of such scholars will be arranged to suit the railroad schedule. 36-30-4t

—Mr. McCartney, a brother of Mr. Charles McCartney, and a young theological student from Virginia, officiated in the Methodist church Sunday evening.

THAT STAND PIPE.

DECREED BY COUNCIL TO BE ERECTED AT THE RESERVOIR.

It is a well known fact that persons living in the northern part of the town frequently suffer more or less inconvenience from an insufficient water supply. This has been the case during the hot season for years past and complaint after complaint has been sent into the council for better water facilities but, as it always proved, of no avail. This summer an effort has been made to increase the water supply and for this purpose a new pump has been purchased, at a cost of over two thousand dollars, and put in position and this, of course, will give greater pumping facilities. At the last meeting of council it was suggested by Mr. Hillibish that in order to increase the amount of water pressure over town it would be an advisable idea to erect a standpipe at the south side of the big reservoir to extend six feet higher than the lever of the water in the reservoir and this, he claimed, would to a great extent obviate all the trouble and complaints about no water, as the supply head would be six foot greater than heretofore and would undoubtedly give a good supply. Acting on Mr. Hillibish's suggestion council voted to expend two hundred dollars in the erection of the proposed standpipe.

Now the two hundred dollars spent for the erection of a standpipe on Reservoir hill will be just two hundred dollars of the people's money spent for almost nothing. The level of the water in the big reservoir, when it is full, is from twenty-five to thirty-seven feet higher than the highest point on Curtin street. This should be head enough to throw the water over any house on that street; and it would be were not for one thing. The main pipes are to small, and the number of small supply pipes are so great that the supply of water is used up before it reaches the northern part of the town. Or else, if there is water the pressure is so little, owing to the amount of friction in its being carried so great a distance through such small pipes, that there is no pressure.

Now in what way a stand pipe at the reservoir would tend to obviate the trouble we know not, as there would be the same trouble in the pipes as there is now. Nevertheless a standpipe would be a good thing and it is also needed, but not on reservoir hill. Put the standpipe on Curtin street. Erect one of 50,000 gallons capacity on the highest point on Curtin street and make it just the height of the level of the big reservoir and then the trouble about no water in the northern part of town would be stopped. The erection of a standpipe of the above capacity on Curtin street would give two supplies, and the one right at the place where it was needed. Then there would be both water and force on the higher streets and the water supply all over town would be greatly bettered. The attention of the water committee is called to this fact and it would be well for them to carefully consider and study the question before they erect a standpipe on reservoir hill, as that would be a useless expense.

The Last of the Season.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Great Seashore Excursions.

The extraordinary success of the series of Pennsylvania Railroad excursions to the New Jersey coast demonstrates the enormous popularity of these trips. The third in the series, which left Pittsburg on the 6th inst., was the largest excursion which ever left this section for the seaside. The last one of the series is fixed for August 20th, and it will no doubt prove, in point of numbers, the banner trip of the year. The season at the seashore reaches its height at the middle of August, the bathing is then finest, the fishing in its prime, and all manner of seaside attractions in the best form for thorough enjoyment. One who misses this last trip gives up one of the most delightful experiences of the summer.

The tickets include the choicest points on the coast, and are available for Cape May, Atlantic City, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City at the same rate.

The excursion tickets, good for ten days are to be sold at a rate of $10.00 from Pittsburg, and at correspondingly low rates from other stations,

A special train of Parlor Cars and Day Coaches will leave Pittsburg at 8.50 A. m. for Philadelphia, stopping at all important junction points, where connections will be made with trains from branch lines. Passengers will spend the night in Philadelphia and proceed to the seashore by regular trains of the next day.

Tickets will be sold from stations named below, and train schedule will be as follows:—

	Rate	Train leaves
Altoona	8 00	12.55 P. M.
Hollidaysburg	8 00	11 10 A. M.
Bellwood	8 00	1.06 P. M.
Clearfield	8 90	9 40 A. M.
Philipsburg	8 85	10.32 "
Osceola	8 25	10.45 "
Bellefonte	8 45	10.25 "
Tyrone	7 65	1.18 P. M
Philadelphia	Ar.	7.16 "

Remember that this is the last excursion of the season.

A Priest Tarred and Feathered.

SEATTLE, Wash., August 7.—Father Quay, the Catholic priest of Snohomish, was tarred and feathered by a mob yesterday morning between 12 and 1 o'clock. The citizens effected an entrance to his residence, and dragged him from his bed and applied a complete covering of tar and feathers. The priest fought desperately against his tormenters, but was finally overcome. He is accused of immoral practices. It is said he was removed from his charge at St. Thomas, N. D., for similar reasons.

Forty Years Married.

REV. AND MRS. BOUSE CELEBRATE THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

On Friday it was just forty years since Rev. G. W. Bouse and wife, of Milesburg, stood hand in hand and heard the solemn and impressive words pronounced that joined them together for life. And, at the request of friends, it was deemed a very fitting and apportune occasion to celebrate that momentous event. Accordingly the necessary bits of cardboard were judiciously distributed and the result was that at seven o'clock on Friday evening the doors of the Milesburg M. E. church were thrown open and invited guests began to enter, being escorted to seats by the following young gentlemen ushers: Messrs. Calvin T. Ray and G. L. Williams, of Bellefonte, and Walter Mattern and Mr. Smith, of Milesburg.

It was but a few minutes until a large assemblage had gathered, when Rev. Mr. Wright, of the Milesburg Presbyterian church, arose and briefly stated the object of the meeting, holding a very impressive service and making a nice speech. Fitting speeches were also made by Revs. W. A. Houck and J. A. Woodcock, of this place.

After the service in the church was ended the assemblage adjourned to the parsonage where elegant refreshments were served. Rev. and Mrs. Bouse were the recipients of many handsome and valuable presents, among which was a gold watch for Mr. Bouse, the gift of his four sons. All his children and grandchildren were present. Guests were also gathered from Tyrone, Bellefonte, Unionville and nearby places. The evening proved to be a most enjoyable occasion, one long to be remembered by all present.

Jack the Ripper.

LONDON, August 7.—Much excitement was occasioned in the Whitechapel district this morning when a rumor was rapidly passed from mouth to mouth that the dreaded "Jack the Ripper" had again appeared and committed one of the butcheries that has made his name a household word in this most ill-favored portion of London. That there was reason for the excitement there can be no denial. At an early hour this morning, as one of the denizens of Whitechapel, an old woman named Wolf, was passing through one of the numerous dark alleys with which the region abounds, she was set upon by an unknown man armed with a knife.

The place where the assault was made was dark and dismal and, as the hour was early, the usual prowlers had sought refuge in doorways or under arches, where they lay in drunken slumbers. As rows are of nightly, almost hourly, occurrence in Whitechapel, no attention was paid, if indeed a noise was heard, to what was, of course, taken for one of the usual drunken scuffles. But for the old woman it was a scuffle for life.

From what can be learned of the circumstances surrounding the butchery, it appears that the man, whom the people of Whitechapel are firmly convinced was the famous "Ripper," used his knife with fiendish ferocity. He grasped the woman by the head, and drawing her backward, he, with one hand across her mouth, silenced the cries she would naturally have tried to make, while with the other hand he drew the keen bladed knife across her tightly drawn throat, inflicting a terrible wound. Then, using the knife as a dagger he plunged it into her body again and again. There is a deep wound on the woman's arm which, it is believed, was received while she was attempting to ward off the ferocious blows aimed at her body.

When released from the grasp of her assailant the woman dropped to the ground with the blood pouring from her wounds, and when, shortly afterwards, she was discovered by a passing policeman, she was unconscious and in a dying condition. She is 70 years old. The police are as usual, hunting for some clue that will lead to the indentification of the murderer, but as in all the other Whitechaple crimes, the assassin has disappeared, leaving no trace save his mutilated victim.

Catholic Total Abstinence Union Officials.

WASHINGTON, August 7.—The next convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union will be held in Indianapolis. The election of officers yesterday resulted as follows: President, Rt. Rev. Joseph B. Cotter, Bishop of Winona, re-elected; First Vice President, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg; Second Vice President, W. A. Minning, of Cleveland, re-elected; Thire Vice President, Miss Sally A. Moore, of Philadelphia; Treasurer, Rev, McMahon, of Cleveland, re-elected; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, re-elected.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We made this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00

CAR OF THE CHRONIC INSANE.

THE STATE COMMISSION ORGANIZES AND DECIDES UPON A TOUR.

Philadelphia Times, 6th inst.

The State Commission having in charge the location of the new Pennsylvania Asylum for the Chronic Insane—for the establishment of which an appropriation of $560,000 was made by the late General Assembly—met at the Continental Hotel yesterday morning and organized permanently by electing Wharton Barker as chairman, Henry M. Dechert, treasurer, and John M. Reynolds, of Bedford, as secretary. Dr. John Curwen, superintendent of the asylum at Warren, and ex-Congressman John B. Storm, of Stroudsburg, are the remaining members of the commission.

There was no special business before the commission beyond the consideration of a scheme of visitation in cities and towns that have made offers of sites for the buildings the commission has been authorized to erect, and Tuesday, August 11, was decided upon as the date when the tour of inspection shall begin.

The best offers so far are to the credit of Berks county, and this is due to the efforts of Senator Henry D. Green to have the new asylum located in that section. The commission will be waited upon at Reading by a number of citizens and the programme there includes, first, a trip into Oley, the garden spot of Berks. The stretch of country between Robesonia and Warnersville, along Cushion Mountain, presents exceptional advantages which the commission will view. Included also in the list of Berk's sites are locations at Taylor's Forge, Ridgewood and Monocacy.

From Reading the commission will journey to Williamsport, Hughesville, Lewisburg, Jersey Shore, Lock Haven, Bellefonte, Tyrone, Lewistown, Mifflintown, Mechanicsburg and Emporium. A visit will also be made to Norristown, Harrisburg, Danville and Warren, where State asylums for the insane are located, but the trip will be merely one of inspection in these centres with a view to investigating their management.

Says There is No Delay.

WASHINGTON, August 7.—Acting Secretary Nettleton recently received a letter from L. T. Hunt, of Springfield, Mo., detailing complaints he had heard of the alleged delays in the conduct of the pension commissioner at Washington. He referred the letter to General Raum, commissioner of pensions, and has been informed in reply that there is no ground whatever for such complaints. General Raum says the official mail of the bureau amounts to about 500,000 pieces a month and that the mail division is under orders to acknowledge the receipt of all letters coming to the office to which a more extended reply can not be given. There is no delay, he says, in cases where an answer is required. He concludes as follows.

It is true that we have 929,486 claims pending in the office and it is impossible to take them all up and dispose of them at once, but I have been working the office up to the point of issuing over 30,000 certificates a month. During the fiscal year just closed there were issued 156,472 original certificates, which was 89,845 more than has ever been issued in any single fiscal year. My opinion is that instead of widespread discontent, such as is suggested in their letter, the reverse is the case. I learn from General Veazey, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, that during his tour through the country he has met many thousands of old soldiers at the various encampments and that the sentiment of satisfaction with the present work of the pension office is quite universal, All I can say is that I am doing the very best I can and the work of the pension office being disposed of as rapidly as can possibly be done.

May Work Out the Road Tax

At Wilkesbarre on Wednesday Judge Rice rendered a decision in a peculiar case brought before him. Coxe Bros. & Co., the coal operators at Drifton, pay nearly one half the road tax in Foster and Hazel townships, the total tax reaching nearly $4,000. They applied to the supervisors to allow them the privilege of working out this tax by putting men and teams to work on the roads under the direction of the supervisors. The latter would allow them only to work out a small portion of the tax and attempted to collect the rest in cash. Coxe Bros. then applied to the court for the injunction restraining the supervisors from collecting the tax and directing them to allow the plaintiffs to work out the tax. Judge Rice awarded the injunction and says in his opinion that every taxpayer has a right to work the whole of his road tax, provided he does so under the direction of the supervisors.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parents of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathizes. One of the prominent symptons of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act and invariable injure the tone of the stomach. The bitters on the contrary, restore activity to the operation of that all important organ and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise give to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

Rheumatism
—IS—
PROMPTLY CURED BY
St. Jacobs Oil
Cures Also:
Neuralgia,
Lumbago,
Sciatica,
Sprains,
Bruises,
Burns,
Wounds,
Swellings,
Soreness,
Frost-bites,
Stiffness,
All Aches.
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Baltimore, Md.

ONE POUND
PEOPLE'S
HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. Manufactured by the
KOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

I GIVE AWAY
To every reader of this paper who suffers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility or Consumption, a free bottle of that most wonderful medicine, **Floraplexion,** which is the only absolute and permanent cure for the above named diseases. I can afford to do this because I know that nine out of every ten persons who try it will be so well satisfied with the results they will take pleasure in speaking about its marvelous curative virtues to all their friends and acquaintances. The value of this sort of advertising to me is worth many times the cost of the medicine given away, so I am well compensated for the seeming large expense.
I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address,
PROF. HART, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

Tutt's Pills
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

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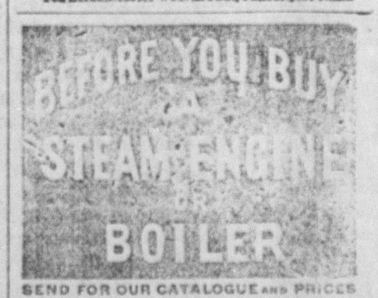
538 North Fourth St., below Green PHILADELPHIA,
Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing
SPECIAL DISEASES,
of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations, Bladder, Kidney, Heart, Lung, Liver, stomach, mouth, throat, nose, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful errors. Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 16 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be saved. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Quacks who can show as many bonafide cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials, exposing quacks and advice to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. Office Hours—Every Day from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M., Evenings 6—8, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9—12. Strictly confidential.
For References see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.



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The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.
This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use not ever take
BLUE PILLS
or mercury, they are dead SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.
Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use Sulphur Bitters! Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
SULPHUR BITTERS
The Invalid's Friend.
immediately. The young, the aged and infirm should use it. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Don't Wait!
Your Kidneys are out of order.
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

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VINEGAR BITTERS
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GRANDEST MODERN DISCOVER
Triumph of Pharmacy
The only true practical
ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.
is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without injurious reaction, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c., produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.
Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulus without alcohol. The only medicine with such power in the world.
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,
far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*
It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist,* and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
if remarkable as nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headache, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up,
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER,
There is no disease or low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,
and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the greatest bane for of
THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of
OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.
Send for our Ladies book. Address
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I have made the disease of
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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—New moon.

—Cider tastes good this year.

—This does beat all for picnic weather.

—If Sunday wasn't a hot day then what was?

—It now looks as if the rain was about all down.

—Not very long any more until the granger's picnic.

—Mr. S. M. Buck is transacting business in Philadelphia.

—The thermometor stood 98 degrees in the shade on Monday.

—Did you see Frank Rhoades ride a bicycle on Saturday evening?

—We take off our hat to Mr. Isaac Haupt who generously sent us in a jug of fresh cider.

—A whole car load of Delaware peaches were brought to Bellefonte this morning and sold out at a low price.

—The soldier boys must have sweltered on Sunday, if it was as hot in the western part of the state as it was in Bellefonte.

—The Methodist festival on Tuesday evening was held in the vacant store room in the Brockerhoff House, on Allegheny St.

—All the tax payers want the new stand pipe, if there is one put in, out on Curtin street where this paper suggested putting it.

—A large quantity of good eating apples can be had at the office of Hoover & Miller in exchange for anthracite coal, we are informed.

—One fatal accident has already taken place at "Camp Kensington." A soldier of the Sixteenth Regiment was drowned while bathing.

—Newton Hamilton camp meeting commences this week and next Sunday will be a big day. Quite a number of Bellefonters are going down, we believe.

—The soldiers are in camp in the western part of the state; the church members at Newton Hamilton, and now some one wonders where the sinners will encamp.

—Be prepared to meet the chronic insane asylum committe when it comes to visit Bellefonte in the near future. If Bellefonte wants the asylum it must try to get it.

—There is a banker in Tyrone who claims to be so busy he only has time to say his prayers once a day. He is to be congratulated; there are lots of people who evidently don't have time to say them at all.

—Mrs. James Hastings, her daughter, Miss Carrie; her son, James, with nurse Bidney, are all at the Bush House where they will tarry a month or so with Mr. Hastings who has been in Bellefonte some time now on business.

—The Altoona *Tribune* celebrated its 35th birthday by putting on a new dress of type and now that always handsome paper looks even handsomer than ever, if such a thing is possible. The *Tribune* is one of the brightest, newsiest dailies that comes to our table and we wish it the continued success which it so well deserves.

—On Saturday the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* published interviews with eighteen of Bellefonte's business firms showing the state of trade as it at present exists. Out of the eighteen fourteen reported business better than it was last year at this time and now constantly on the increase. It is to be hoped that this showing is substantial and will continue.

—Jonas Dinges on Friday last received word from Monroe, Greene county, Wisconsin that his brother, Andrew Dinges had died suddenly of heart disease at his home in that place on July 10. The deceased was aged 64 years and is survived by his wife and twelve children. He was a native of Centre county whence he removed to Wisconsin in 1852, engaged in farming in that state. His last visit to this state was made about fourteen years ago.

—Two society young gentlemen, of Bellefonte went calling on two strange young ladies on Saturday evening. As they had never been introduced the first meeting was somewhat embarrassing, especially as the young ladies came to the door. The young gentlemen in turn introduced each other only to be told that they must be mistaken as they were strangers. How the call would have ended is hard to say had not a gentleman friend of both parties happened along and given the necessary introduction.

—The article in the NEWS on Saturday regarding the proposed stand pipe at the reservoir called forth considerable comment, all of which coincided with the opinion of the writer. If there are any more of the borough funds to be expended on bettering the water supply it should be spent where it will do some good, but if spent in the erection of a stand pipe at the reservoir all the good that will be derived from it will be hardly distinguishable. The NEWS would like to have others express their opinions.

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAY

WHAT THE BOYS ARE DOING IN "CAMP KENSINGTON

ARNOLD STATION, August 10, 1891

MR EDITOR:—I promised to write you a few lines about camp life here and now I am going to try to do it, though my time is limited. Did you ever play soldiering? If you did you know all about it; if you didn't then I would say dont do it, for it is the hardest work to be called play I ever saw. It was late on the evening of the 7th when we arrived here and how glad the boys all were to "scoot" into the comfortable quarters prepared for them by Leut. Col. Mullen and detail you can just imagine. The first night was quiet but the first day, Saturday, the soldiering began in real earnest. Taps sounded at 5.15, and then for almost three hours we were kept on dress parade. And wasn't the sun hot? Some of the boys from the "tony" companies could not stand it but went over and had to be carried off the field on stretchers. But there were none of that kind in the gallant Fifth.

Sunday was a day of semi-rest, the only feature of the day being grand dress parade at five o'clock in the afternoon. All the rest of the day we done nothing but lounge around, pose as curiosities for the twenty-five thousands or more visitors, who came to camp to see the "sogers," and indulge in ideal dreams of soldering in reality.

To-day the reviewing and inspection begins. Governor Pattison and his staff are here and from a few whispers I have heard he is favorably impressed with the Second Brigade. Indeed, I have heard it said we make the best appearnce in the National Guard. We all expect a great deal of real hard work during the week and if the sun continues shining so hot, I don't know how we will get through.

Company B seems to be a favorite company in the Fifth and no wonder, for all the boys, excepting myself, are real jolly good fellews Adjutant Quigley wears his new honors with becoming grace and dignity, while the other officials—Captain Reber and Lieut. Reeder, are complimented everywhere for their soldier-like bearing. But of all the boys it is the most fun to hear Hunter beat the "taps" and especially when he gets to thinking of that girl he left behind and also that bag of apples a thing he seems to be doing most of the time, but then he makes a good soldier notwithstanding.

Commissioner Strohm says it is hot enough clerking let alone doing soldier duty and from that I presume he is as near the enemy's lines as he cares to go. I might mention a great deal more about the boys but time and space forbids and, expecting to write you again, I will close for this time.

Humbly yours, as I am
ONLY A PRIVATE.

In Favor of Selling the Water Works.

MR. EDITOR.

I have seen a good bit of printing matter within the year about taxes and water pumps and new stand pipe.

Now to the point. I am a pretty heavy tax payer and I would be in for selling the water works we have here and get out of debt for once, which I think can be done.

Business men will talk about times being dull, rents two high, etc., and say rents should come down. Now, let us see; if landlords bring down rents, will taxes come down? I do not think so; but, if anything, will go up. And it makes no difference what goes on in this town if a factory closes the rich can stand it; and if a factory does not happen to locate here but in a neighboring town, they will say people ask too much for their lands, but this is all folly; It does not make a bit of difference what land is worth or what is asked for it, if the material is not here to produce it or if the surroundings are not here that is neccessary to let those people compete with others in their line, they will not locate. But I am for first selling the water works to a company and binding them to charge only a limited amount per spigot for family use and so much for fire purposes, and pay this debt off that stands out in bold relief as a hindrance to any party or set of men to come here and locate, work, etc., knowing that if they do, they will be taxed to death.

Then I would suggest a Board of Trade (a good one) composed of the young men of this town who are in business, and let every one of them put in a treasury a $5 note every month to go to buy sites for small factories, or large ones if we can, with the understanding that they must be run or forfeit the ground they are built on.

Would it not have been far better to everyone that paid money towards the fourth of July jubilee to have given in to something like the above? Dear sir; put this before the public and I think I will have others to bear me out.

Yours, etc.,
A. READER.

No Special Trains to Camp.

No special trains will be run to the Newton Hamilton campmeeting this year. It was the request of Presiding Elder Lantz and Secretary Rhodes that no special excursion trains be run on Sunday, and the P. R. R. company decided to run none but the regular trains. There will be excursion rates as usual. The effect will be to keep away the customary huge crowds on Sunday, but it will be all the better for the attendants who go to campmeeting to worship. This is the first time in the history of the Newton camp that no excursion trains will be run to the grounds on the Sabbath, and the effect will be watched with interest.

The Chronic Insane Asylum.

This is the day set by the commission appointed to select a site for the new state asylum for the chronic insane to start on their trip through the state. It is uncertain just when the commission will visit Bellefonte but it will likely be early next week. A letter was received in Bellefonte a couple days ago urging upon the committee here to have everything in readiness to show the site to the commission to its best advantage and also to be able to name a certain—positive—figure at which the land could be purchased.

Would it not be a good idea to call a meeting of the committee and then invite all the property owners of the site considered most available, the one at Pleasant Gap, and have them name a positive price at which they will sell. And not an exhorbitant figure but one at which they would have been willing to sell heretofore. Then let a survey be made of the site we have offer and a draft drawn. And further, the quarrying and dressing up of a few stones would not be out of place. All these things will count with the commission when they come to visit Bellefonte.

From present reports Bellefonte seems to have a fair chance of getting the asylum. Though the best offers so far come from Berks county yet that is considered too far east. Blair county has a good location but it is too far from the railroad. So that taking everything into consideration Bellefonte stands a very good chance of getting the asylum.

The Cow and Fence Law.

Not since the repeal of the fence law in 1889 has gone into effect has there been so much trouble from tresspassing cattle as there has been within the last few months, and if the outlook for the future is fulfilled the lawyers of Bellefonte will ere long have practice enough on their hands.

It is only a few weeks ago since a Bellefonte man, who owns property in Boggs township, brought suit against another man for damage for allowing his cattle to tresspass on his property. The man won his case and was given fifteen dollars damage. Hardly had his case deen decided when two other parties brought suit against the Bellefonte man for damage, and they recovered $12.87 damage. And on last Saturday there were two more damage cases before 'Squire Foster. According to present prospects there is a good chance for damage suits almost every day, and the worst of it all is the 'Squire is not clear in his own mind regarding the law. We will have more to say about the law in this respect in the near future.

The Weather Over the Country.

NEW YORK, August 9.—The west is having a pretty warm time of it. Chicago reported to-day the hotest of the season, with the thermometer at 100 degrees. At Pittsburg the maximum temperature was 92 degrees. At St. Louis 98 degrees were recorded, with a number of prostrations. Kansas City 100 degrees. Jamestown, N. D., is cooling a little, but the temperature is still 90 degrees, and the reported injury to the wheat from blight at the rate of ten bushels to the acre come from several counties. Bismark rejoices in 79 degrees, with the grain uninjured and harvesting about to commence. Fargo, N. D., reports 120 degrees. The farmers claim that the wheat is uninjured.

—The Blair County Prohibitionists convened at Altoona on Saturday, and placed in nomination the following ticket: President Judge, H. T. Ames, Esq., of Williamsburg; Legislature, F. D. Beyer, of Tyrone: Sheriff, M. F. Riling, of El Dorado; Prothonotary, J. B. Harpster, of Tyrone township; Director of the Poor, G. W. Lower, of Royer; Jury Commissioner, John G. Wolfe, Altoona; Delegate to Constitutional Convention, Rev. N. C. Naylor, Altoona; Delegate at Large, John Clark, Williamsburg. Eight delegates were elected to the state convention to be held at Harrisburg, August 26, among whom were F. D. Beyer, Rev. C. H. Fitzwilliam and A. A. Stevens, of Tyrone.

Buy Your Tickets.

Notice is given to all persons going to the Lutheran Sunday school picnic tomorrow or the Methodist picnic on Thursday to buy their tickets at the office of the Buffalo Run railroad company, instead of waiting to purchase them on the train. This will save all rush on the train and will allow the same to reach the picnic grounds on better time. Tickets purchased are good any time the excursion may go.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the postoffice August, 3, 91.

Daniel Barlet; Walter B. Ceitzei; Dave Davis; Edward Ecard; J. A. George; Mary Hoffman; Al Marks; Henry Meyer; S. S. Perry; Miss Ricker; S. P. Wroling; Kate McNeil; Mary E. Young.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

—Since the flood of 1889, the firm of Hoover Hughes & Co, has used seven million feet of lumber in building operations at Johnstown. Their extended work in that place is now about completed and their large forces of workmen are scattered through different parts of the country, some being at present engaged on the Ward House addition in Tyrone. W. V. Hughes, who directs the firm's extensive operations, is a frequent visitor and well known here.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

MET IN BELLEFONTE TO-DAY. THE AMOUNT OF WORK DONE.

The Democrats of Centre county met in convention in the court house at 12 o'clock to-day. Out of the 105 delegates to which the various precincts in the county are entitled 78 were present. The convention was called to order by County chairman L. A. Schaeffer and, after the reading of the call for the convention and the calling of the roll of delegates present a permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers:

President—John Blanchard, Esq. Mr Blanchard made a short speech.

Reading Clerk, James Noll, of Spring township; A. D. Everts, of Worth township, and James Swabb, of Harris, as tellers.

The following committee on resolutions was appointed—W. C. Heinle, Hon. J. H. Orvis, John Grove, Jacob Dunkle and F. K. White.

The next thing in order was the nomination of one candidate for Jury Commissioner. The following were put in nomination: Perry Condo, G. H. Lyman, Geo. Bower, and George Hoy. The roll was called and the vote resulted as follows:

Bower	32
Condo	29
Lyman	17
Hoy	

Total number of votes cast 79; necessary for a choice, 40. As there was no election it was necessary to take another ballot. Before proceeding to do so Mr. A. S. Garman withdrew the name of Lyman, and Hoy having no votes on first ballot was dropped from the list. The next poll of delegates resulted in the election of George Bower, the vote standing as follows: Bower, 47; Condo, 31.

For delegate to the Constitutional Convention the names of Ellis F. Orvis and Col. James A. Weaver were put in nomination. Ellis F. Orvis was elected, the vote standing Orvis 58, Weaver 18.

Hons. John A. Woodward, W. K. Alexander and J. H. Holt were elected conferees to the Constitutional Convention conference.

Mr. George McGaffey was elected delegate to the state convention of 1891.

The names of ten men were put in nomination for delegates to the state convention of 1892. Out of the ten the following five were elected: Charles R. Kurtz, John Noll, William Peeler, Thos. F. Riley and James McDonald.

The present county chairman, Mr. L. A. Schaffer was re-elected for chairman in 1892.

Then came a lot of stereotyped resolutions decrying the republicans and lauding themselves. Of course this is habitual with Centre county democrats.

A resolution was then introduced by Hon. John H. Orvis in favor of a reconstruction of party organization.

THEY WENT IN SWIMMING.

On Friday evening four of Bellefonte's fashionable young gentlemen bethought themselves that a plunge in the sparkling waters of some cool stream would be both pleasant as well as exhilerating and, accordingly, they engaged a carriage and drove up Bald Eagle Valley above Snow Shoe Intersection, where a favorable place in the rushing Bald Eagle was found and there the young gentlemen concluded to take their plunge. They all alighted and after tying the horse proceeded to disrobe. Their clothing, for want of a better place, was piled in the carriage.

Of course the bathers were soon completely lost to everything transpiring around them in the extreme pleasure of the exhilerating effect of the cool and sparkling water as they disported and swam and splashed about in the silvery current. But there is an end to all things and when the young gents tired of bathing they made for the spot where they had left their carriage and clothing only to find that both had disappeard as utterly as if the earth had swallowed them. To say that the gents were in a dilemma would be putting it mildly. However, after a carefule examination of the tracks in the road they discovered the direction the carriage had gone and, keeping on the shady side of the fence, proceeded to follow.

Luckily they did not go far until they discovered their conveyance standing in the middle of the road but, oh, Horrors! they were now in a worse predicament than ever. Although not far away stood their carriage in which was all their clothing, at the head of the horse holding the animal stood a lovely young lady. The horse had evidently broken loose and starting for home had been stopped by the young lady who, no doubt, was wondering where the occupants of the carriage were. And the said occupants, as they were not arrayed even in the old time fig-leaf it was impossible for them to go forth and claim their property. Whether the young lady discovered the young men or judged of their situation can only be imagined, however she left the horse standing in the road and walked off in an opposite direction while the young men hastened to recover and properly array themselves in their clothing.

The Storm.

We do not know whether it was democratic convention or the approaching picnic but something or other caused a disturbance among the elements on Tuesday and the result was a rather severe storm. Just in Bellefonte the effects of the storm were not noticeable, beyond a good shower of rain and some severe thunder and lightning, but up the valley the corn was leveled to the ground. Great damage has been done to the crop throughout the county. In Lock Haven, it is said, several houses were blown down and for a while a perfect pandemonium reigned. So far as could be learned no persons were killed or even seriously injured.

Personal Pencilings.

We notice our friend Mr. Ollie Meek in town.

Mr. W. E. Gray went to Lock Haven to-day.

Mr. George Albright, of Altoona is visiting in this place.

Mrs. Linn Saylor of Tyrone is visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Philip Foster, of State College is visiting friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. James McGilly, of Snow Shoe, spent Sunday in Bellefonte.

Clement Dale, Esq., spent Thursday in Snow Shoe transacting legal business.

Miss Emory sang a very beautiful solo in the Episcopal church on Sunday evening.

Misses Lydia and Mary Ross, of Altoona are the guests of Miss Grace Dubbs, of this place.

Mr. David Kelley and his friend Mr. Will Casey, are spending a few days in Snow Shoe.

Mrs. Vincent Bauer and her sister Miss Maud Cunningham are visiting friends in Williamsport.

Mr. George W. Lyon, of Philadelphia, is in Bellefonte to-day, partly on business and partly on pleasure.

Mrs. Ed. C. Powers and children departed this morning for Watkins' Glen, where they will visit relatives during the next few weeks.

Treasurer James J. Gramley and wife are entertaining Mr. John Shaffer and wife of Madisonburg, and Mr. Jessie Wirts and wife, of Aaronsburg.

Mrs. Anna Gleffer and daughter, of Allegheny City, and Miss Mary Delaplane, of Altoona, are spending a few weeks with their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Herbaugh, on Curtin street.

Mr. Thomas Mitchell will act as Commissioner's clerk during the absence of Robt. F. Hunter at camp, Mr. Hunter's brother Dorsey, finding at the last moment that it was impossible for him to come.

Mr. Lansing Corbett, an extensive lumber dealer, of Clarion county, accompanied by his wife were visitors in Bellefonte on Saturday. While here they stopped at the Brockerhoff House, but Mr. Corbett did not forget that he had some old friends in Bellefonte and so made them a pleasant call. From Bellefonte Mr. and Mrs. Corbett will go to Pennsvalley. Mr. Corbett is owner of one of the most magnificent residences in Clarion town, and when at home enjoys every luxury wealth can procure.

The Shaft Struck Home.

A few days ago the *News* published a two-line item in effect that "It was no crime to get drunk in Lock Haven." The item was not intended wholly as a joke but was based on facts, judging from the number of drunks seen in that place on a recent occasion. But the editor of the Lock Haven *Democrat* was evidently hard hit from the way he squealed in Saturday's issue. We always knew your failing, Joe, but we did not think you would so expose yourself to the reading public as to pick up a hot iron not dropped for you. However, we bear you no ill will for what you said in reference to us, as we know it to be the case of persons who have for years imbibed to excess that their brain becomes muddled and they are not responsible for what they say. And further it is equally as hard to keep the ravings of such people from the ears of the public as it is to keep them from rolling in the gutter, but in each case there is only a glance of pity from the multitude for the hopeless condition of what might have been an honor to society and a credit to himself.

The Mill Hall Robbery.

Two men who were in Mill Hall as umbrella fixers on Thursday, were arrested on Friday at Hublersburg, Centre County, on suspicion of having committed the robberies in Mill Hall on Thursday night. As the men had none of the stolen property on them they were discharged.

Married.

At Wilt House, Mill Hall, Pa., August 2, 1891, by Rev. J. J. Reeser, Mr. James C. Myers, of Laurel Run, Clinton county, to Miss Mary Butler, of Marsh Creek, Centre county.

—The Lutherans went up Buffalo Run valley to-day to hold their picnic. There was a large crowd of them and we have no doubt but they would enjoy the day immensely.

BUTLER'S MIDNIGHT RIDE.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF HATTERAS WAS CARRIED TO LINCOLN.

An old Washingtonian tells of a thrilling midnight ride by General Ben Butler from Baltimore to Washington to carry the news of the capture of Fort Hatters to President Lincoln, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *World*. After the fort had been occupied by Butler's troops the general started on a transport for Washington by way of Annapolis. At the latter point a locomotive and a passenger car were found, and the general was whirled to Annapolis Junction, where he was stopped at 11 o'clock at night by an officer of the road, who said his train could not proceed until the regular express from Washington to Baltimore had passed.

"Has the train left Washington yet?" asked Butler.

It had not.

"Cannot this train run to Washington before the express will leave?"

The officer replied that it might, but it was contrary to the regulations of the road.

"Then said Butler, "we will do it."

But it is contrary to the regulations," insisted the railroad man.

"No; it is not," quickly replied Butler. "There are new regulations in force now, and ordering the passenger coach to be cut off he sprang upon the engine and gave the engineer the word of command.

"Go through!"

The engineer hesitating, the general seized the throttle, remarking; "I know something about a locomotive myself." Without further remonstrance the engineer started the locomotive, and the big iron horse was soon speeding down the track at a tremendous pace, Butler standing watch in hand timing the distance between the mile posts.

It was a terrific pace for those days and the run was made in total darkness. Just before midnight the lights of the Capital were discerned in the distance, and two minutes later the engine came shrieking into the station, just five minutes before the time scheduled for the departure of the Baltimore express.

"Well done, my man," said Butler, as he slapped the engineer on the back and jumped upon the station platform. "The new regulations are revoked and the old ones renewed."

Butler sprang into a waiting carriage and was quickly whirled to the White House. President Lincoln was aroused and Montgomery Blair and Captain Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, were speedily summoned. Mr. Lincoln appeared in a long white night shirt, and upon hearing the news seized Fox, a short stout man, in his arms and the two danced around the room, the President's long naked legs cutting the wildest capers.

Death of Mrs Mary Norris.

Yesterday Mrs. Mary B. Norris, wife of Mr. B. Norris, died at the residence of her son, D. B. Norris, Juniata, at the advanced age of 78 years, 3 months and 10 days. The deceased was born at Pennsylvania Furnace, April 11, 1813, and was the mother of fifteen children, of whom six boys and six girls lived to reach the estate of manhood and womanhood. Two of her sons were killed in the late war. The deceased had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal church for sixty-two years and died in the triumph of her faith and in the hope of a glorious resurrection. She was married October 10 1832, and her husband still survives, making his home at the residence of his son where his life partner departed this life yesterday. Of the surviving children which blessed this union, four reside in Juniata, five near State College, Centre county, and one in Pittsburg. Forty seven grandchildren are living, as are also seventeen great-grandchildren. The body will be conveyed on the 2 o'clock train this afternoon to Lemont, Centre county, where the interment will take place in the Branch cemetery on Wednesday at 10.30 o'clock.—Tuesday's Altoona *Tribune*.

Death of John Leech.

'Squire John M. Leech died at his residence at Graysville, this county, on the 28th of July. Deceased was born in Cecil county, Md., on Sep. 22d, 1815, and at the time of his death was aged 75 years, 10 months and 6 days. He came to this county when a young man and engaged in the business of wheelwright. He resided 24 years at McAlevy's Fort, and in 1845 removed to Graysville, and was employed at the Pennsylvania Furnace in various capacities. He had been Justice of the Peace for over 20 years, and was an honest upright man. He joined the Methodist Episcopal church in 1846, and was a faithful member. He was married in 1834 to Miss Randolph, who with several children survive him—Huntingdon *Local News*.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE